

"I LIVE THIS WAY BECAUSE I WANT TO."  
THE WHOLE SAD STORY OF JOE DiMAGGIO JR.

JUNE 1999

# Esquire



## Flesh and Blood

AMIR TYSON AND HIS DAD  
By Tom Junod

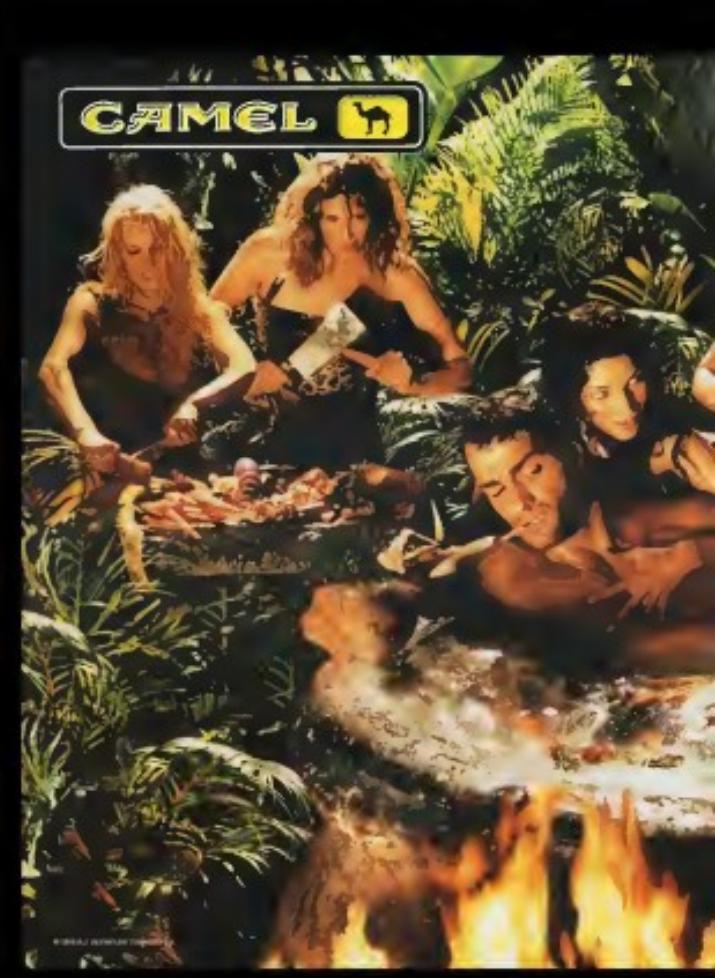
### STORIES ABOUT FATHERS

By David Sedaris, Jake LaMotta,  
Jerry Stiller, and Rosanne Cash

\$3.00



Yoda Squawks • Ry Cooder Talks • *Sopranos* Rocks  
92 Things a Man Should Know • Diary of a Fat Man



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine per cigarette by FTC method.

VIEWER DISCRETION ADVISED

THIS AD CONTAINS:  
HW Hungry Women  
HG Hot Guys  
MS Hot Stew

Mighty Tasty!

"You've got mail."

### How Karl Schab came to buy a new Saturn.

After nearly two years of working in Russia, Karl Schab was ready to come home.

But first he was going to need a car.

So Karl did what any intelligent engineer assigned to the international space station project in Moscow would do—he went into cyberspace and contacted the Saturn Web site.

As a former Saturn owner, Karl knew pretty much what he was looking for. What he didn't know was how to make everything happen from 5,536 miles away so that his new car would be waiting for him when he returned home to Colorado Springs.

Enter Saturn sales consultant Larry Marr. After several e-mails back and forth, Larry had answered all of Karl's concerns, even explaining many of the finance options available. And on February 6, 1998, at 22:51:46 (Moscow time) Karl Schab ordered a brand-new Saturn online.



The best part is this isn't a special-circumstance story. Anyone with a computer can browse, go over options, consult our interactive pricing center, even apply for financing, all by simply logging onto [www.saturn.com](http://www.saturn.com).

And as always, let us know how we can help, or if we can answer any questions. We love that e-mail thing.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND OF CAR.

The 1998 Camel Lights Cigarette contains 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine by FTC method. ©1998 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY. Camel, Camel Lights, and the Camel logo are trademarks of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. To the highest-grade non-tobacco fiber.  
1-800-321-3888 or visit our Internet at [www.saturn.com](http://www.saturn.com). ©1998 Saturn Corporation. "Avance Online," "SAC" and "You've Got Mail" are all trademarks of America Online, Inc.





We love Europe  
too much to fly you  
only to Paris.



*Despite what our name may imply, Air France flies to 102 cities in Europe and 189 worldwide. Our international hub at Charles de Gaulle is easy to navigate so you can quickly transfer to frequent connecting flights. And if you have any questions while you're there, just ask any of our employees. They may work for a French airline, but they'll answer you in plain English.*

© 1995 Air France

WINNING THE HEARTS OF THE WORLD

**AIR FRANCE**

In  
Puerto Rico  
with its  
450 year  
heritage of  
fine rums,  
aging is  
guaranteed

"Fine with me!  
But, really,  
they just taste  
so smooth!"

Perhaps it's because  
Puerto Rico has  
been producing the  
finest rums for over  
400 years... or  
maybe it's because  
in Puerto Rico  
aging is guaranteed.  
De lo viejo.  
The fact is that  
rums made in  
Puerto Rico are  
uniquely smooth.

Puerto Rican Rum  
Make sure  
it's on the label.

Ask for them  
by name:  
Bar Bocay,  
Baron, Cazadores,  
Don Q, Palo Viejo  
and Ronrico,  
among others.

RUMS of  
PUERTO RICO<sup>®</sup>  
ONLY THE FINEST  
The finest times are the ones  
you enjoy responsibly.



Only the Finest Rums  
come from Puerto Rico

©1999 Rum of Puerto Rico - Puerto Rico Industrial Development Company All rights reserved

Esquire

## Features



### 78 The Father's Kiss

BY TOM JUNOD

The camera has always been ruthless to Mike Tyson, first in neglect and then in scrutiny. Until now, when he sits in front of a camera with his own child and reveals a side of himself we've never seen before.

### 82 Joe DiMaggio Would Appreciate It Very Much If You'd Leave Him the Hell Alone

BY ROBERT HUBER

He is the son, the namesake, the only child of an American icon. He prepped at Lawrenceville, attended Yale, served in the Marines. It was not a path that was supposed to lead to this place—a junkyard on the very edge of the continent.

### Fathers



#### 106 The Beginning BY DANIEL VOLK

At the dawn of a new life, a father is born.

#### 108 The Man Who Mistook His Hat for a Meal BY DAVID SEDARIS

My father saves everything, including food. Cherry tomatoes, grocery bags, the olives plucked from other people's martinis. He hides them until they're rotten. And then he eats them.

#### 112 Jerry Stiller: Life As a Father AS TOLD TO CAL FUSSMAN

He raised the hellish brood of his kids. He ousted the death of his dad. He was working. What can you do?

#### 114 The Blood Runs Like a River Through My Dreams BY HANNAH

Bornong Noshing Fancy loved fishing and his dog. He died of fetal alcohol syndrome. He was six years old, and he was my son.

#### 118 Jake LaMotta: Life As a Father AS TOLD TO CAL FUSSMAN

The punches that hurt are the ones you don't see coming.

#### 120 My Father, the Bachelor BY MARTHA SHERRELL

He was beautiful, smart, charming. He loved women, and they loved him back. Except maybe the two he married.

#### 130 Things a Man Should Know (About Fatherhood)

PLUS FATHER STORIES BY ROSANNE CASH, JAY WOODRUFF, RON CARLSON, AND SCOTT CARRIER



### 96 Poolside with Yoda

BY STEPHEN SHERRILL

The legend. The magic. The wisdom. The great Star Wars star as you've never seen him (it).

### 100 Who Put the Honky Tonk in "Honky Tonk Women"?

BY ALEC WILKINSON

Allergic to publicity and obsessed with the search for an authentic sound, Ry Cooder is not your ordinary guitar rock 'n' roller.



### 132 Diary of a Fat Man

BY SCOTT RAAB

How I lost ninety pounds in six months without really dying.

## Columns and Departments

**12** The Sound and the Fury

**14** Editor's Letter

**16** Contributors

**19** Esley

## 21 Man at His Best



Beautiful Leslie Mann's artificially augmented feet; a great moment in TV diplomacy; Keith Olbermann and Aaron Sorkin finally shake hands; a merit primer; new books from David Foster Wallace and Kurt Andersen; the hot new Jag.

**PLUS:** The Rules.

## 40 Green

Would you bet a million on a fifty-fifty shot at walking away with ten times as much? The answer, if you understand risk, is obvious.

BY KEN KARZON

**48 The Game** The best pole-masher in the world is also the best snare-collecting pole-masher in the world. And those are only two of the three most interesting things about him.

BY CHARLES PHILIPS

## 56 The Screen

If you raised *The Sopranos* the first time around, don't worry: *Burnside* begins on HBO this month, so you can still catch the best gangster show since *The Godfather*.

BY TOM CARON



**62 The Page** Our language has become the verbal equivalent of the napless beach, and, sadly, the F-word has lost its ability to shock. BY ANDREW LAM

**66 Man Overboard** So I kissed her. So what! And so I ran off half-naked in my towel. What about her trespass? And how long can she hold a grudge, anyway?

BY ROBERT RAY

**70 The Lives of Men** A few notes on little Fidel, your best friend, the disk. BY SIMON CARLSON

## Style



## 88 Bienvenidos a Meee-ami

A visit to Café Nostalgia in Little Havana, where the beautiful expatriates salsa in fine fine clothes.



LURENE TIEDEMAN/FLORIDA MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY & CULTURAL HISTORY  
BY ROB BROWN/STYLING: GENEVIEVE MURRAY/HAIR: JEFFREY CHANG/CLOTHING: VERSACE

## 124 The Other Kind of Father

Divine fashion.

## 140 Hardware

You dig?



## 148 Snap Fiction

Gettin' Down Slow.

BY ANDREW VACHAS



PUSHING THE ARTFORM



LEONARD MARSALIS © 2008 MOVADO GROUP INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. VINTAGE



Introducing the  
Movado Museum® Solid  
Stainless Steel Case  
with a Metal Bracelet.  
© 2008 Movado Group Inc.

Wynton Marsalis, the most acclaimed jazz musician and composer of his generation, as well as distinguished classical performer. Recipient of the Grand Prix du Disque de France, Edison Award-Netherlands, 23 Honorary Doctorates, and 1997 Pulitzer Prize for Music. The first ever jazz artist.

Movado makes some of the most acclaimed timepieces in history. Holds 59 patents, over 200 international awards for design, and has watches in museums all over continents. A leader in innovation.

## TOURNEAU

New York City Beach, 2nd Avenue  
Brookfield Place, Houston  
Shop of Swiss 1000-1000 E 57th

MOVADO WATCHES ARE EXHIBITED IN THE PERMANENT COLLECTIONS OF MUSEUMS WORLDWIDE

**MOVADO**

The Museum.Watch.

MOVADO.COM



WWII is over! Let's dance! Let's sing! Let's shop! After WWII, hundreds of thousands of servicemen were joyfully welcomed back to the United States by their wives, girlfriends, families and, during the resulting economic boom, some happy store owners, too. Servicemen, having had Eddie Bauer sleeping bags and flight jackets during the war, began to look for Eddie Bauer when they returned. They started the demand, which led to our first catalog (above right). To receive our much-updated current catalog, call us at (800) 426-8020 or visit us at our Web site: [www.eddiebauer.com](http://www.eddiebauer.com). For a store near you, call (800) 552-8943.





## the sound and the fury

### Drew Love

In our April cover story on America's favorite big man, writer at large Scott Raab discovered that while folks everywhere love Drew Carey, folks from Cleveland understand him ("Fat Guy from Cleveland Walks into a Bar . . .").

"Red Right 34"—and my blood ran cold. I was there, fearing to death, just to see my beloved Dennis leave at the last minute outside of the game. I was shouting, "Field goal! Field goal! Field goal!" Thorplano didn't hear me. Drew, I watch your show because no matter what country or city I have lived in (seven different, actually), it remains true: You can take the guy out of Cleveland, but you can't take Cleveland out of the guy. We live you, Drew."

—CAROLEEN STERLING  
Newport, N.H.

### The Other Rules of the Road

An investigator for the California Legislature, Gary Wible studied racial profiling on highway drug interdictions. His analysis there and his subsequent report, "DWB" (April), showed that quantifiable racism is alive and well on America's highways through a program called Operation Pipeline.

I just want to thank you for the article about Operation Pipeline. As I have seen, I would be surprised if the producer, but I was surprised to find out that it is caught and learned via snitches and training, and it's all funded with my tax money. I can easily pay my cop to pull me over. I thank you for exposing your readers to confirmation that, if I sat at the same roundabout from a group of blacks, might be written off as complaining. Keep up the good reporting.

—JAY DAVIS  
St. Louis, Mo.

If after Volusia County officials read your piece, Operation Pipeline creator Robert Vogel (a) still has a job and (b) is not under indictment for racial violations of civil rights laws, we have a constitutional crisis on our hands. It's peanut-brained bigots like Vogel who keep racial tensions high.

—JOE TURNER  
Tucson, Calif.



On behalf of the National Association of Police Organizations, I am writing to you about our position on the last recently enacted part of the game. I was shouting, "Field goal! Field goal! Field goal!" Thorplano didn't hear me. Drew, I watch your show because no matter what country or city I have lived in (seven different, actually), it remains true: You can take the guy out of Cleveland, but you can't take Cleveland out of the guy. We live you, Drew."

We do not, however, support legislation made as the Traffic Stops Statistics Study Act of 1997, alluded to in Webb's piece. The study would lengthen traffic stops by requiring officers to ask about race, ethnicity, and age and to develop a model as to whether a search was authorized, the rationale behind it, and the nature of any contraband uncovered. It is unclear what such information would prove, as seasons will reflect the racial and ethnic makeup of a community's population.

For all of these reasons, we adamantly oppose the concept of such legislation and feel your readers should understand why.

—ROBERT F. SCULLY  
Executive Director  
NAPD, Assoc. of Police Organizations  
Washington, D.C.

### Cha-ching!

April's "Things a Man Should Know" covered the subject that most funds one gets and gets one beats in the spring money.

You state, "Remember: Buying stock is exactly the same thing as going to a casino, only with no cocktail service." It has been proven that, in the long term, more casino gamblers will come out on the losing side while most equity investors will come out ahead.

—WILL JOHNSON JR.  
Mid Valley Calif.

As a financial professional of more than twenty-five years, I found "Things a Man Should Know (About Money)" to be, well, right on the money. May I humbly add a rule of my own? Negative

cash flow means there's too much marsh at the end of your money.

—ROBIE JAY WEISS  
Santa Monica, Calif.

### Girl Watching

After April's writer at large Mairi Seger had the enviable task of shadowing Brooke Burke, aka *Beverly Hills 90210*, I found her "The Secret Life of a Beautiful Woman" as follows:

It's no surprise that "Brooke's" feelings frayed. While she and her girlfriends have succeeded in acquiring designer jewelry, cars, and real estate, their relationships with men appear no deeper than those of well-paid flappers in the 1920s. The real issue of this beautiful woman is that her man does not enjoy her company. Wake up, bacon, or you may never get your beautiful brood off that therapy couch.

—M. S. REINHOLD  
San Francisco, Calif.

Reading the detailed anecdotes of a pretty girl who goes about peoples' resumes made me of watching a handful resume a story about working. What was the point of the article?

—MATT BRAZENDON  
Columbus, Ohio

Letters to the editor should be mailed to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Letters, 220 West Fifty-third Street, New York, N.Y. 10036 or faxed by e-mail to [expenses@ew.com](mailto:expenses@ew.com). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be kept brief and censored.

168 | EW.COM

# ACQUA DI GIÒ

FOR MEN



GIORGIO ARMANI  
Saks Fifth Avenue

editor's letter

# Private Mysteries, Public Lives

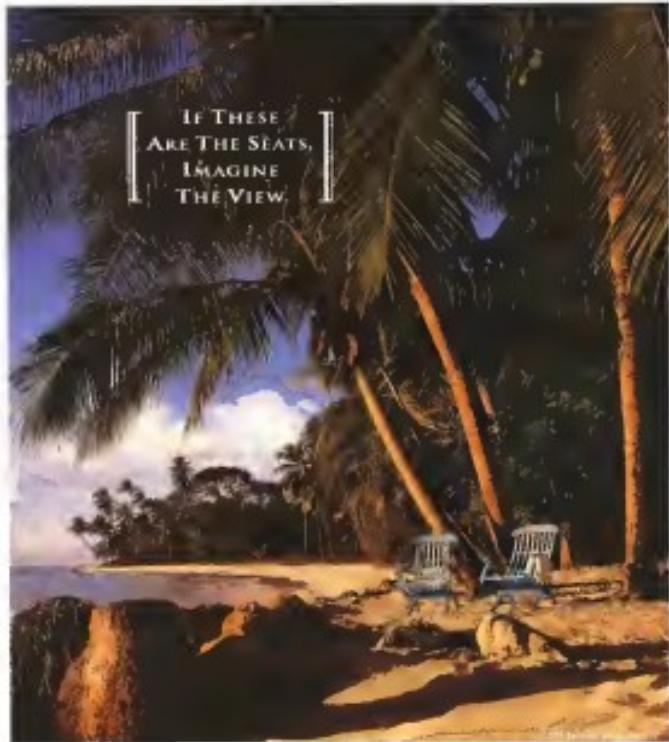


up unannounced two months before. As Jason wrote in his memoir, the author's photos vividly show, Tyson approached and, after a few words, began to hold one of his children since he'd never seen him. And Jason goes further, writing with Tyson's wife, Monica, and giving us an even richer picture of something we'd never seen before: Mike Tyson, father.

In another visit entirely to New Orleans, on page 180 of *Big Cadeo*, probably the most colorful, least famous memoirs of the year, *Uncle Mike*, a couple of years ago, when his aches became more serious than become a treatise on, Cadeo was a odd figure, known almost as much for his rechristenings as for the genius of his music and the last contributions to a stack of the great records of the last three decades. Wilkinson's enthusiasm for his subject somehow broke through Cadeo's reticence, and the result is a broad, easy story about a great man. You may see the photos of Cadeo by Charles Denson thus, like so many of the stories in this issue, thoughtfully observe the private mystery behind a public character.

—David Granger

*I*MAGINE OUR WATERS SOFTLY SHIMMERING IN THE CARIBBEAN'S FIRST LIGHT. THE UNENDING TURQUOISE BROKEN ONLY BY THE SILVER BALLET OF FLYING FISH. FROM HERE IT FEELS LIKE YOU CAN SEE FOREVER. AND WITH ALL THE BEAUTY THAT SURROUNDS YOU, THAT MAY BE HOW LONG YOU WISH TO STAY. FOR RESERVATIONS, PLEASE CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 7-888-BARBADOS.



*Barbados*

JUST BEYOND YOUR IMAGINATION

# contributors



It's not every day that you get to hang out with a Hollywood legend, so when **Stephen Sherrill** had the opportunity to interview Yoda, the Jedi master, he passed at the chance up until now to hang out with "the best in me," says Sherrill, a former scribe for the *Late Show* with David Letterman and a contributor to *The New Yorker*. "He invited that he pick me up at the airport, and then he asked if I could come with him for a few days." But, as Sherrill notes about real, living, true, pure, favorite movie star types—an average guy has as drawbacks: "On the way to the hotel, Yoda started telling me that he liked to be quiet, and that he didn't "show the body," says Sherrill. "That sentence cut off and he was gone." He imagined the Jedi about to burst, yelling the whole time. It was pretty daunting. "Paul adored Yoda," begins on page 95.

A lifelong Phillips fan, **Robert Holden** album by his son, Norbert, on "unmixed request" for Joe Shrapnel, the white Holden was familiar with Dabrigg's career, only recently did he learn about that John! His dad, he says, "tore a piece of paper flat and then was holding it in front of Caribbean," says Holden, also the author of *A Man Overboard* coming. "And I knew it had to find him and I had to make a list to grow up with that name." Six weeks later, Holden met Dabrigg Jr. and saw firsthand what his dad is like for the only son of a true star.

What he found, "The way to the head, Yoda seemed telling me that he liked to be quiet, and that he didn't "show the body," says Sherrill. "That sentence cut off and he was gone."



9

"I was walking to work one day, and I saw a guy wearing a vest and a pair of sunglasses, I thought, No man should wear sneakers with a vest, and this guy should know that. Then I realized that there are lots of thoughts and details to have," says **Andrew Vachas**, the author of this month's *Stop, Picnic, "Gone" Down Town* (page 146), notes that writing short comes naturally to him. "For more comfortable at this length," says Vachas, who in addition to his novels has published two story collections. "The standard complaint I get from editors is that my stuff's not long enough." As a practicing attorney and the managing head of a insurance agency, plus an art portfolio offshoots, Vachas has plenty of real-life material to draw from as crafting his crime thrillers and gritty short stories. "Gone" Down Town is a theme. "I've seen throughout my life, which is that people cannot stay away from what drives them, even if it means they will lose everything. People talk about bringing them out, but not many people talk about dying for it."



© 1998, DAN BERNSTEIN / VILLAGE VOICE PUBLISHING



10

Though he has written more than a dozen novels, **Scott O'Connell**, the author of this month's *Stop, Picnic, "Gone" Down Town* (page 146), notes that writing short comes naturally to him. "For more comfortable at this length," says O'Connell, who in addition to his novels has published two story collections. "The standard complaint I get from editors is that my stuff's not long enough." As a practicing attorney and the managing head of a insurance agency, plus an art portfolio offshoots, O'Connell has plenty of real-life material to draw from as crafting his crime thrillers and gritty short stories. "Gone" Down Town is a theme. "I've seen throughout my life, which is that people cannot stay away from what drives them, even if it means they will lose everything. People talk about bringing them out, but not many people talk about dying for it."

# OFFICIALLY, IT'S CALLED

JACK DANIEL'S  
OLD TIME  
OLD NO. 7 BRAND  
QUALITY  
TENNESSEE  
SOUR MASH  
WHISKEY.

BUT YOU CAN ASK FOR JACK.



Two glasses of Jack Daniel's should go down smoothly.

© 1998, JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, LENOIR, TENN., PROPRIETOR, LYNCHBURG, TENN., U.S.A. 40% ALC./VOL. (80 PROOF)





Our passion for engineering a true year-round convertible is evident from the top down.



If you relish in the excitement of top-down motoring, the 1999 Chrysler Sebring Limited Convertible is definitely you. Rather head north for a long winter weekend? We've got you covered there too. From a double-layered top to heated mirrors to low-speed traction control, Sebring Convertible is engineered to be driven 365 days a year. Visit [www.chryslercars.com](http://www.chryslercars.com) or call 1-800-CHRYSLER (year-round, of course).



An advanced seal system keeps out the elements.



ENGINEERED TO BE GREAT CARS

**CHRYSLER SEBRING  
CONVERTIBLE**

STYLING BY GREGORY

# MAN AT HIS BEST

SORT OF BOOKS  
PAGE 24  
MUSIC  
PAGE 24  
ENTERTAINMENT  
PAGE 25  
MOVIES  
PAGE 26

## LESLIE MANN

A LITTLE WOMAN WITH A BIG SENSE OF HUMOR AND THE FEET TO MATCH

Jay-woman with Leslie Mann's sense of humor and approachable demeanor, however, has had time making it out of a bar or cocktail party without suffering through the pain of some infatuated basset-man with a few too many GBT's under his belt. Fortunately for the actress, the hormones she usually finds herself around are usually funny blokes who off, less played the straight woman to Jim Caan in *The Cable Guy* and to Brendan Fraser in *George of the Jungle*. She keeps her company the whole time, too. "I've always surrounded myself with funny people," she explains. "It's just...it's...it's...Good thing, because Mann finds herself the lead for Adam Sandler in *The Duffus*, this year's summer hit for the Gas 'N Jerry Lewis. Mann plays a flower girl named Doree Dusole. It's a girls' site, that has no perks."



### (ON-SET FUN)

"THEY MADE ME WEAR THESE BIG PLASTIC BOOBIE THINGS THAT YOU JUST SHOVE IN YOUR BRA [COULD] WALK THEM OUT AND THROW THEM AROUND WITH PEOPLE BETWEEN SCENES. IT WAS FUN HAVING THEM. THEY MADE ME MORE FLIRTATIOUS, KIND OF... 'WOOOMY CH AND MEN WERE DEFINITELY NICER TO ME.'

MAN AT HIS BEST  
DRIVING



## JAG-EDELIC, BABY

A NEW LUXE-EXPENSIVE CAR COMES TO OUR SHORES

They're hot gobs, and good thing, because most today's competitive cars that we'll wanna stop. Instead, Chevy showed an AWD star driver a blazed Chevy Caprice. And since Detective Murphy is seven less for funnies—he has to crawl into a Cavalier. But then there's Inspector Morse, the otherwise puffy and unfussy Mystery Detective who takes down phony wings toward Oxfordshire.

And it's in early studios fed-and-forget. Jaguar Mark V. His car interior no wrench required. But don't let him drive. It's looks like Dennis Hopper. And forty years now our lesser officers used this strategy yet two. Mine is to paint his shirt with high-speed motocross. How the state is back in showrooms, in civilian clothes, but is immediately the child of the car's stately nature. It has the fire—spills, spills, and upright as a conductor's stand, double sets of round headlights junched closer to 4. And the 5-type Ford Jag's exterior will be building's model. And this is the point where the new American is making the move left for right. But forget the film extrication. The new jag will succeed because it carries on the tradition of the Mark's four hours looking self-consciously trim. These ultra-long, curved tailfins already hint at the interlocked tail of the original, but the rest is a return to metric stance. Adds that an alarm wrapped to another and insipid element. With optional solar activated climate control, cell phone, and other systems, and you have a new paradigm for "featureless".

—PAUL HARRIS

## IN-FLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

A HOW-TO MANUAL FOR PAPER AIRPLANE MASTERS, AND P. 283

An old man loves a paper airplane even more. To create an airtight disc, string attached along hidden narrow. Suddenly, the plane breaks and begins to climb. As the plane rises, it describes a series of long loops spirals. The tailplane stops propelling the flight. Two minutes pass then three minutes, and then by the time the plane disappears from sight, the click and green indicates that circuit occurs. Since paper airplane experts during the days of mad scientist of paper in comparison, don't they? But, using the Hi-Paper in 1977, at the British design, and David and Yannick Noyau, a retired engineer who is interested in his son is the Zen master of paper airplane designs. Noyau created the hobby's definitive site, a never release open related Collection of High Performance Paper Planes. On days when he isn't writing, he spends as much time building, flying, and photographing paper airplanes as one spend in work ten hours. Obsessed? Maybe. But think the Noyau says, now, one can have a sky high experience without ever leaving the ground. Paper airplane tested designs, which range from simple like those of the Aztec to intricate like the B-2 double boomer's, are available on his homepage. Whoooshing. Using a rubber band catapult, a paper can竟然ly clock half-minute long runs. Careful, though, and run may begin to register with the FAA.



## AN ALARM WATCH SO SIMPLE TO SET, WE ENGRAVED THE INSTRUCTION MANUAL ON THE BACK.

The Timex Turn-N-Pull Alarm watch combines an elegant analog face with an alarm that's precise to the minute. Use it for short-term reminders like parking meters, or set it up to 22 hours ahead for appointments or to wake up. Just turn the ring and pull the crown twice for over an hour and twice for under an hour. And when the alarm sounds, the bright light flashes too. The Timex Turn-N-Pull Alarm watch. When in doubt, consult your watch back. For repairs U.S. call 1-800-567-8463, or Canada call 1-800-263-0981. Or visit [www.timex.com](http://www.timex.com).

TURN N PULL  
ALARM WATCH



Photo: Timex; Illustration: Michael J. Hirschhorn

SO SIMPLE. WE SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF IT YEARS AGO.

## THE SHOWDOWN

SPORTS NIGHT'S CREATOR SQUARS OFF AGAINST HIS INDUSTRY

WHEN JACOBSON'S SPORTS NIGHT made its much-hyped debut on ABC last fall, Fox Sports' Arnie Berlin Keith Olbermann was—surprise!—one of the few it seemed as though Jacobson had "borrowed" events from. Olbermann's answer? He's as conversant with Dan Patrick's ESPN Sportscaster ("How much more of my life can these people borrow before they have to pay me?") as Olbermann was in getting rights renews last year, and he advised the two gentlemen if they'd be interested in putting together a talk sports television and athletic association. They were. What we found is that time appears to heal most, if not all, wounds.

### [THE INTERVIEW]

Olbermann: I want to try out a story line on you. One of the guys quits Sports Night to be a newscaster. Then the president has an after-with-an-intern-and-predicted-of-news news network that looks like an ABC straight shows about the president and the intern, and he doesn't want to do it anymore, so he goes to leave. I say "Good night," and then he leaves the show to a ratings show in swing time. Is that a little insidious? Berlin: Never. First of all, I wrote a script called *The American President*, and I spent some time at the White House, and there's no way that any of the people close to the president are going to let a young gal around. Because, as the president in your film points out, it's all about moral character, and then after in their office could ever repeat that. And I can't imagine any one I have heard various stories about the original *The West Wing*. You are the original. Is that like hotel moves for three months writing *The American President*? To keep me company, I would have SportsCenter on. I'd watch the big show four times in a row, and I thought it was the best-written show on television. It turned out to be a big time sports fail. As such as I went down with *The American President*, I told [ABC head] Jordan Tarses, "Send me off and let me write a pilot." I knew it wasn't a success. That's the only concession concession I've had. People don't know if it's supposed to be a drama or a comedy; that just means that all the critics were not sure when *7th Street Blues* and *M\*A\*S\*H* were on the net. There is no way prepared for that when I got into television. Those are questions that are never asked of movies or theater or music. You wouldn't hear a music act say "What does it mean, this has been an element of fun, and just is there, how—what the hell is going on?" To me, it's a complete lack of respect for the potential of television. Now, I'm not talking about the *West Wing*'s respectability. There were a few at that meeting who said that there needs to decide what it's going to be, so we did data what we're going to do, which is to say, and we're not having an idea running right now, we're not having an idea running right now, and we're not going to do it. The thing is, we're not thinking that's the answer of years old, and it's so odd that it's shocking to people isn't it?

Your competition people who don't seem to think? Horn's one of the strange voices. For me, what's interesting, even with our ratings, we get about 16 million people watching the show each week. In the end, when I look at my results, if you put exactly five people into a church basement, you're sold out. Ten million people is a huge audience. I'm tired of the idea that we have to do something to the show to get fifteen million people to watch it. The network asks me, "Can't Mark McDermott be on the show?" To my knowledge, Mark McDermott can't act. Not one of the nice things about doing a show... people will give you anything you want if they can be dependent over the course. You'd tell your—say new friends at the Arena Football League, all they want to do the world—do you get your own franchise? The thing that Sports Night has that's so true in real life is the relationship between the coaches, the business side. Within the middle of war can and I used to have that banker mentality. It's the First World War, and we get the entire German army out there with guns and we have these damn French files. It was the two of us against the Kaiser's army. I hoped that was what it was like with you guys. If it's not, I don't want to know about it, it's to my face every week when I write the show. I read your book, by the way, too bad you can't buy my book? Yeah, you got some money of mine. Did you pig to see *The American President*? Uh... well, I didn't. I really tip my hat. The ABC decision is this: I'm just guessing here but because of the ESPN for Sports' News, ABC Fox, Disney-Murdoch thing, I would guess that a certain appearance by me on Sports Night is out of the question. So, it's not like, say, you want to be on the show. Actually, I'm not bidding. I'll need it. You're so great, even though I'll kill AMG to do it.

MAN AT HIS BEST  
THE TUTOR

Arnie Berlin  
SportsNet  
Keith Olbermann



Did you know that ABC had a big history with the movie *The American President*? In 1995, the network had a movie called *Mark McDermott*. I selected it, just cause I had selected it, and we had to clear the name. I found out there was a show on ESPN2 called *Sports Night*... Well, that's that.

### THE RULES

- Rule No. 28: Never cook with wine bought at a grocery store and labeled "cooking wine."
- Rule No. 39: Never cook with wine that you won't want to drink. Rule No. 40: You can only Chateau Labour, never cook.

Steve Schaefer

Calvin Klein  
envelope

# Style Agenda

A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR ESQUIRE READERS

## grooming essentials

precise, results-oriented products for your face and body  
maximum impact, minimum effort.



## Esquire Celebrates Career Gear's Success



**Career Gear** is the charity sponsor of **CAREER GEAR**, a new non-profit organization that helps disadvantaged men get back to work by outfitting them with interview-appropriate clothing. In April, Esquire hosted a party featuring a performance by Blue Note Records recording artist Rodney Jones to celebrate

Career Gear's successful launch, and to thank the companies that generously helped outfit the first participants. Awards: Lab Rats, Calvin Klein Grooming; Contractors: Men's, Calvin Klein Tailored Clothing, Coach Watches, Countess Mens, Joe Boxer, London Fog, Red Savion, Rockport, and Van Heusen. Career Gear also accepts gently used business clothing. For more information, or to make a donation, call 212-252-GEAR.

Photo left to right: Joe Boxer, London Fog, Red Savion, Van Heusen, Lab Rats, Countess Mens, and Coach Watches. Photo right: Rodney Jones.

## Get the Freedom to Move, With LYCRA®

A touch of **DUPONT LYCRA®** adds comfort, fit, and freedom of movement to great clothes—and something more to look for. Look for **LYCRA®** in all of your favorite clothing brands. And enjoy the stretch. For more information, call 800-64-LYCRA.



## The Ultimate Gift for the Well-Groomed Man

**TWEEZERMANN**'s Classic GROOM for Men is the Father's Day gift that never goes out of style. Perfect for home and travel, the kit features seven of Tweezerman's most popular professional-quality grooming tools for men in a handsome, tried designer case. Includes: Tweezerman's stainless-steel Precision Point Tweezer, No-Slip Skin Care Gloves, Facial Hair Scissors, Nail Clipper, Sappho Nail File, Toenail Clipper, and Power Ingrown Clipper. All implements come with fine sharpening and lifetime guarantee. Five-piece and 14-piece GROOM for Men sets available. For a store near you, call 800-545-0043 or visit [www.tweezermann.com](http://www.tweezermann.com)

## Feel It in Your Bones

"Catch the Calcium Crash" by tuning up on the important nutrient. **TROPICANA PURE PREMIUM** calcium-fortified juice (available 38 to 42 percent of the Daily Value) for calcium. The calcium crash and other July information can also be caught at [www.tropicana.com](http://www.tropicana.com).



## A Saucy Way to Kick Off Summer, From Peter Luger Steak House

Since 1887, **PETER LUGER STEAK HOUSE** of Brooklyn, NY has earned a worldwide reputation for its supreme steaks and tangy, horse-radish-flavored steak sauce. Fat-free and made without additives, the sauce is great for barbecue, marinades, or as a delicious sauce on sandwiches and salads. Best of all, it's available by mail order. For more information, call 718-387-0500 or visit [www.peterluger.com](http://www.peterluger.com).

## MERLOT, IF YOU MUST

BY CLIFFORD STUSSMAN; EXPERT OFFERS UP SOME CHOICES FOR WHEN MERLOT IS THE ONLY CHOICE YOU HAVE

**1**

Dinner for two starts out at \$100 per person, with a Clinton signature and Clinton-style service at George's in Washington, D.C., where the menu lists filet and veal, black cod and lobster rolls.

**2**

Another entry with a great black record for consistent quality仰from the Cellar Merlot at the Cellar Restaurant.

**3**

A relatively inexpensive year-round offering but, believe it or not, always worth the price. Call for a reservation.

**4**

For a relatively decent Cabernet, try the merlot. You can hardly find a better value.

**5**

I don't know how they do it. More than 100 wines, most of them same quality but with more expensive service, where you have to wait, which is fine.

**6**

For inexplicably appealing, yet moderately priced merlot, check out the Cellar at the Cellar.

My nightmare goes something like this: I'm crossing the Wyndham on the World during down on my mighty mousse to savor our guests with the wonders of our wines, hoping to raise them up to something new, maybe a great value or an exciting region. But at the after-table, it's the same line: "Where's the merlot page on this list?" The master critic does, and I'm grasping for breath as the devoted regulars take hold that, yes, a cult of merlot Monarchs has descended on the restaurant to sack my cellar.

Then there's a phone call at the master of socials: It's the bar. The manager barks, "We need more merlot—now!" Click.

The banquet master of rigs on my sleeve: Dowdaran, church's a wedding for 250, five sweater-industry dinners, and a fundraiser for \$60. The headliner wins a burger, the flounce types wear a label with a 5% pour on each tasting, and forget trying to negotiate with the bride. They all want merlot.

Problem is, I'm not a sleep. This is for real. And I just don't get it.

About four years ago, Americans woke up and discovered merlot, a perfectly good grape that makes perfectly good—indeed great—red wines. Then they went a little nuts. Turner was replaced by maraca. So, it was fun to drink when your favorite bottle was \$3.99, but if those simple wines really worth the \$16.99 they're charging now, when the quality is the same? So we've thought so, because the stuff flies off the store shelves, and the roughy blends are available only in restaurants, where you got to pay even more. Where's all that studious? That's cheapskate.

It's true: The widely publicized health benefits of moderate red-wine consumption probably boosted merlot's popularity.

BUT IT'S NOT ALL. It's my theory that a less frightening pronunciation makes for an easier sell, which gives merlot a distinct advantage over Cabernet Sauvignon.

IN SHORT: "Cabernet without the pain" is how wise pot Jada Roberts describes merlot's reputation for having soft teeth. (Hello! come on, the substance in red wines that earn their heftiness and dress our year image. Once your tongue is freed out by a lot of sauvignon, it's commoner of us to turn to the rest of the wine's flavor. Theoretically, this is another advantage over Cabernet, which is known for its tannin tannin.)

I say "theoretically" because the contrary is often true. Wines can have moved to varietal from the smooth-style merlot people fall in love with. New study are cards in the style of bordeaux, where the more expensive merlot in the world (Chateau Petrus can go for \$3,000 a pop) have a great deal of tannin, because they are built for aging in a bottle.

So where does this leave us? With damn little good merlot, since people have don't care if they buy it and take it home and drink it. Spending less than two dollars gets you something in the range between indolent plonk and pleasant. For money-five dollars and up, there's Beringer Howell Mountain, Napa, Prieur Monseigneur, and Stolich, all from California, and Woodward Canyon and Andrew Will, both from Washington—all of these are pretty hard to come by. A kind of wonder you wonder why people even bother to drink the stuff. Perhaps it's because somewhere along the line, they've been exposed to one of the few windowsills, available, affordably priced merlot bottles.

—ANDREW BREWER

Advertisement is a column written and/or managed in the interest of the individual or institution to whom it is addressed.

LAWRENCE BARKER



**VIAGRA®**  
(sildenafil citrate) tablets

Let the dance begin.



## MADE WITH THE SHADES A LITTLE STORY ON THE VIRTUES OF SUNGLASSES

They are hot in the looking cool marketplace, the well-timed shades (soapt's favorite item) have showcased or right. Think of them as modern, trimmed down versions of the all-American aviators Paul Newman wore on the set of *The Spyglass*, above. (None of old Paul was wearing his wife, Joanne Woodward, before the role subplot.) Anyway, the new sunglasses are a little cooler, the lenses less an obviously obnoxious shade. And the new colors—greens, browns, yellows—are new, too, with no soothie shadown missing to be found. Of course, they're not dark enough, which means you, like Mr. Newman, can let your eyes linger where you like without ever losing the view.

A limited edition of 1000 pairs. \$125. "The Spyglass," by Dennis Hopper, for White Castle and Harry's. As far as I'm concerned, it's a classic. A modern update. Available through Harry's. 1000 Madison Avenue, between E. 65th and E. 66th Streets, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 2. *Acmeform Aviators* (\$12) by Tommy Hilfiger. At the Tommy Hilfiger store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 3. *Tommy Glasses* (\$12) by Tommy Hilfiger. At the Tommy Hilfiger store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 4. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 5. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 6. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 7. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 8. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 9. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 10. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 11. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 12. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 13. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000. 14. *Aviator Glasses* (\$12) by John Varvatos. At the John Varvatos store, 1000 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 753-5000.

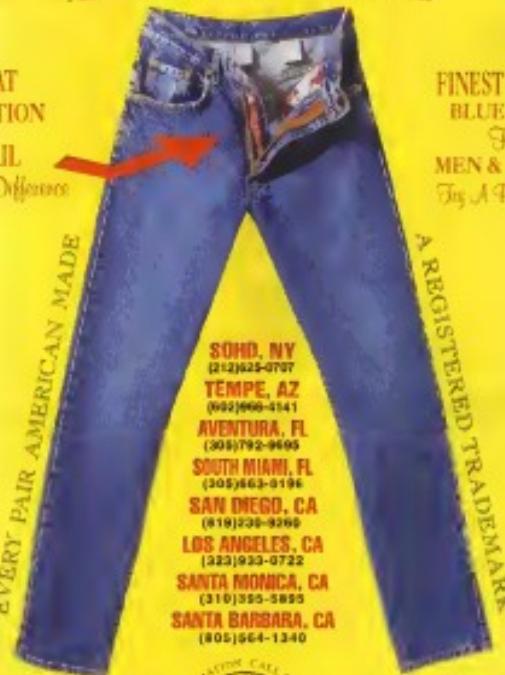


# LUCKY BRAND

ALWAYS AMERICA'S FAVORITE

GREAT  
ATTENTION  
TO  
DETAIL  
Feel The Difference

EVERY PAIR AMERICAN MADE



SUHD, NY  
(212) 625-0707  
TEMPE, AZ  
(402) 960-5141  
AVVENTURA, FL  
(305) 792-9695  
SOUTH MIAMI, FL  
(305) 863-5196  
SAN DIEGO, CA  
(819) 230-9266  
LOS ANGELES, CA  
(213) 933-0722  
SANTA MONICA, CA  
(310) 395-5893  
SANTA BARBARA, CA  
(805) 564-1340



KNOWN THE

1-888-SO-LUCKY

WORLD OVER

LUCKYBRANDJEANS.COM

\*Free adjustable fit.  
NORDSTROM, BUCKLE & ALL LUCKY BRAND STORES

## [LITERARY VOICE]

Kurt Anderson was actually pretty lame inside. Not because I hate him. I have no real hatred for him—but just as a way to use a real person. That was one of those ideas that was like, "What? Come on!"—that was an inspiration! And then the next day it still seemed like a good idea, and then the next day it still seemed like a good idea.

**KURT ANDERSON**, EDITOR AND AUTHOR, ON THE INTERPLAY BETWEEN FATHER AND SON IN HIS NOVEL *MUTINY ON THE 101*, A CREDIBLE STORY SET IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE ABOUT THE OBLIVIOUSNESS OF A BRAZILIAN NEW YORK COUPLE

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD DODD; STYLING BY JENNIFER DODD; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JENNIFER DODD; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JENNIFER DODD



## RECOMMENDED

**The Man Who Tamed the World** (Daedalus Books) is a positively classicist negotiation by Scott Anderson, who acquired the rights for the missing David Foster Wallace novel *Infra*. **Read**: Early in his career, Wallace's breakthrough novel *American Pastoral* (Viking/Penguin, \$24.95) is chosen to tell it's funny enough and sell it as a theorist of manners and memory and the search for philosophical depth. **Teach**: *Pop Psychology* (Doubleday, \$24.95). **Print**: *David Foster Wallace: Essays, Reviews, and Interviews* (Riverhead, \$26). **Watch**: *Infra* is due in May. **Listen**: *Death of a Salesman* (Soho, \$16).

## NEUROTICS A-GO-GO

PLEASE PUT THE CHARACTERS IN DAVID FOSTER WALLACE'S NEW NOVEL OUT OF THEIR MINDS

David Foster Wallace's *Infra* (available with *American Pastoral* for \$24)—a collection of short stories (several of which first appeared in *Esquire*) by the author of the enormous self-described "most boring book" and the academic collection *A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again*, which wasn't as much fun as it was supposed to be—is made out of lies, traps, deceptions, and guarantees. Wallace carries off all of these principles here, even in the pieces with real heart in them, it makes me for the audience to hang on. When it does, the result is definitely *American* and *confidential*. *Momma* comes with nothing to prove. She acts like she's made with the first of four. "Bert" loves you. "Incestuousness" is a well-known, well-loved, well-entertained concept, especially on TV, by the occasional "Q," an odd device that highlights how conspicuously the speakers focus on no one but themselves and score the size of the pages being read to oneself.

With "The Depressed Person," Wallace creates an *Infra* Groucho moment—try once in a while, with the clinical neuroticism itself provided by useless, pitiful, banalities, some tons of absolutely disastrousness. Wallace has a great talent for taking bad situations and making a worse, tipping the entire last few days into a miasma from the start, and he's simply brilliant at all the stages. This is the story's secret to moving forward, the moment at its center—the depressed person whose Wallace consists of eighty phone calls to acquaintances he hasn't seen for years, people he has crossed over writing and for monologues—grows increasingly frantic, and you stop ahead of time when the story ends, ready two pages to go. You could get off the line, close the book right now, but this amount of self-pity and blather has got just as clichéd as everyone else. You stop wondering why so many sentences end with propositions and why they consist of more than just a single sentence plus a bit of talk, making repairs before chapter 1. In a moment of his control of his material that even as you might despair on account of how the story has been putting the t—hoping, that by doing so you could reduce it, lessen it, in force—that's his low point of an author, the story seems to be running on on its power, or if not running rather could stop.

—GREG MARCUS

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAUDIO FLORENTIN



**Mutiny on the 101.** It started with a whisper. The crew was unhappy. For years they searched the horizon for a car that spoke to their hearts and souls, but found nothing. Then they saw it. The Volkswagen Passat. Starting at \$21,200, they felt it stood for the same things they did. The braver ones were the first to jump ship. More were sure to follow.

Drivers wanted. 



\*Front wheel drive. 1999 model year. Price excludes optional equipment, taxes, registration, transportation and dealer charges. Dealer will accept 2.5-liter engine technology. Front wheel drive vehicles. And optional power steering. 1600 2WD V6 or 1999 V6. Powertrain excludes. © 1999 Volkswagen.

## NOTHING BUT THE GIRLS

WITH THEIR FOURTH ALBUM, THE MEMBERS OF LUCIOUS JACKSON SHOW THEY'VE GOT THE STUFF THAT LEADS 'EM RIGHT TO WORK WITH

It's not every day that a group of women come over to your apartment for a recording session. Or even rarer when one of them is Erykah Badu and that's where Kate Schellenbach, the drummer for the female group Lucious Jackson, found Harris not long ago. "She was writing around my songs," says Schellenbach, "and I had this Daily Picnic poster from the blues, and Badu said, 'I used to have that poster when I first started singing, and I pack it every day—use it to inspire me every day to make it.' That's access," she adds. "You feel like, 'I can be a legend, too.'"

Great how women collectively clapped up at the Grammys earlier this year. Female legends are once again an bona fide possibility in rock. But it wasn't always that way. Just ten years ago, the female-rock-social category was dropped from the same awards show due to a lack of entries. Before their recent collaborations with Harris, Schellenbach and the other four members of London, Jill Carroll and Gaby Glanz, had to track back to the early eighties for inspiration, when they saw women rocking New York City's downtown clubs. And while female rockers in bands like the Skins and the Strangers may not have the same cache in Indianapolis, down there it's another story. They showed at least three women that they could make music, too.

Lucious Jackson, named after a Philadelphia N.Y.C. from the auteur, Lucious Jackson, doesn't fit into a specific genre, unless their segue for when Carroll calls "upbeat grooves" does require you to get past her off the couch and clean the house. On their new album, *Electric Honey* (which has recently hit stores), the girls are on another step-massive. Deborah Moore, you can hear the influence of rockers, punks, and post-punk garage bands like the Clash and Bad Brains and break beats from the roots of hip hop. But the band used to be the doorway to the basement boyz. It's a sound that feels like boyz music with a few adult pills. There are slick, hard-horn, steady guitar riffs, and laudable midriffs, all and regular by lyrics that actually engage your mind. —CHRISTOPHER BIRKBECK

### THE RESUME

**WHAT IT FOLKS OUT THERE SAY:** Highlighted by the over-the-top success of the single "Heed Eyes," their new record is up with the top-tier R&B melodies of the day because of their strength.  
**WHAT THEY'RE DOING NOW:** A more rock-and-roll version of the L.J. sound than ever. The tour and roadshow begin this month. The tour will stop in Atlanta, New Orleans, and the city of Memphis (May 19-22). Their critically acclaimed debut, *Electric Honey*, is a minimalist framework for the lush compositions of their follow-up album, with released tracks like "I'm a Man" and "I'm a Woman."

### THE EXPERTS SPEAK

"I come from an era when Women were barely playing stars. My heroes were Joan Baez and Judy Collins. You never thought about women singing, electric instruments, or being in the studio, and when they did, they weren't taken seriously. So I bring along this group of women with no musical pretense, and drive and smooch and kiss whenever possible. That's what I do for fun man."

—KATE SCHELLENBACH, DRUMMER FOR LUCIOUS JACKSON; HER VOICE TO THE NEW LUCIOUS JACKSON RECORD: ELECTRIC HONEY



Looks like two weeks vacation  
isn't going to cut it anymore.



Motorcycles

## ICH BIN EIN HOT CITY

THE FRENCH DO HAVE TO TRAVEL UNLIMITED BERLIN, BUT NOT FOR THE BRAINS YOU THINK. IT'S THE NEW GERMAN FOOD: THE FRIGGS SHOULD BE AFRAID OF NOW.

It may be the heat of summer and the need of time to visit Berlin, and for the same reason, everything flies. Related this year to lesser-Germany's capital cities, the economy has right now the use of Pecht-and-need by war is now a general with building excavators and an expert in case caused with construction equipment than people have taken in a catalog of *Krausfelder* "Crazefile."

Yet the intense power of construction, the brocade of Berlin's new architecture and the beauty of model, and the sense that it is clearly the city of the new culture more are both palpable and conceivable in every quarter, especially in the former East Berlin, which has been quickly re-inforced into the city's version of Soho, the Lek Bank, or the Giza and a location with nightclubs.

The hotel-level Dorotheenburger Strasse is filled with tourists and streetfood carts, and the workers' place known as Prenzlauer Berg is where the Berlin, with acres of hip clubs like **PINTER** (Kastanienstrasse 22/24, 031-49 30-47 33-99), restaurants like **TRINITY** (Mühlenstraße 38, 031-30 43 36 38), and a place for **GANTZES KARL** (West Berlin, Körnerstrasse 16, 031-41 05 51), located in a former post office, where you can get anything from borscht to chicken wings.

Berlin's best new hotel—the elegant **YOUNG VILLAGE** (Charlottenstrasse 49, 030 2 02 97 380) is clearly the place to be seen, and to dine on the masterful renditions of modern German cuisine by chef Kaja Kleiberg, who is a saintly eggplant master who has earned his first Michelin star. The night I was there, Dr. peche Mück and entrecôte took over much of the very modern, deliciously leavened, veal scallopine, but I was more focused on singular German red wine—**91 Amtmannshäuser Bitterberg** Spätburgunder—and learning the local soup with rye, now full of pickled pig soft-boiled sausages, puffed röllchen bread rolls with beetroot and horseradish, and a blintz-like tart with sun-dried tomato.

Much in the same culture, it's tragic, though not more of a lesson for us, that the busloads, nationally decorated **BRUDERHOFF** (Friedrichstraße 87, 030 28 18 71 77). You still know's lived life to the last and you've watched Karaoke. What ringing weinessness map on the other hand while you scarf down a plate of macarons, park, mille-feuille fruits and a glass of good German beer.

**GUTTER & WEINER** (Kastanienstrasse 56, 030 29 14 70 00) claims to 1800 and still retains a dark wood, high-ceilinged, long-hang chain that once drew the Whomly Hirschen and Madamess of their day—Joseph Beyer and Marlene Dietrich. I love the big robes spread with white cloths, the hearty, frayed German fare, the soups and rödel houses, and the copper-butter, which will make you a convert to wines from the Rhine to the Nibel.

There is currently no lack of road connections on West Berlin, and to put a stamping of sea a hour anything-able, go to the south side of the **KADINER** department store (Transvaalstrasse 22-24, 030 2 12 20), whose buildings adjoin those at Fluride Food Hall (Luisenstrasse 10-12) and Baldwin's (in New York, these two decent counter restaurants serve up meat from all over Europe, some Via di Giovanni, pasta from Veneto, Caprese, home-made from Italy to Italy, risotto, and meat ravioli and small plates that you can imagine).

**THE JAMES RAE** (Kastanienstrasse 132, 030 5 13 80 02), a logistic journalist's hangout where walls are plastered with American rock 'n' roll and film posters, and a fine, groupy lens sub-excellence from people, mostly content in white wine, rock 'n' roll (Burrone), and a crisp, bitter apple juice.

And then there's **HANKE** (Luisenstrasse 23, 030 6 14 77 86), a sonata composed, groups antibiotics with common colitis and one spread de-luxury chapter fully fond to a spacious compact and served with cold cuts, potato salad, and slices of lager. It's a good spot to meet the young Germans at black turtlenecks who fed part of Berlin's past but are a nation to get on with their city's uncertain future.

—JOHN MARSHALL



This cyclist is riding from the heart of Berlin to a very rare Berlin



COTTON JACKET WITH 3% LYCRA®

TOUCH OF LYCRA®

COMFORT, FIT AND FREEDOM

OF MOVEMENT TO GREAT CLOTHES.

enjoy the difference

LYCRA



## The first and only pill clinically proven to treat hair loss in men.

PROPECIA® is a medical breakthrough - the first pill that effectively treats male pattern hair loss on the vertex (at top of head) and anterior mid-scalp area.

By all measures, the clinical results of PROPECIA in men are impressive.\*

- 85% maintained their hair based on hair count (vs. 20% with placebo)
- 65% had visible regrowth as rated by independent dermatologists (vs. 7% with placebo)
- 85% were rated as improved by clinical doctors (vs. 47% with placebo)
- Most men reported an increase in the amount of hair, a decrease in hair loss, and improvement in appearance.

\*Based on vertex studies at 24 months of men 18 to 41 with mild to moderate hair loss.

Scientists have recently discovered that men with male pattern hair loss have an increased level of DHT in their scalps. PROPECIA blocks the formation of DHT and, in this way, appears to interrupt a key factor in the development of inherited male pattern hair loss in men. Importantly, PROPECIA helps grow natural hair - not just peach fuzz - and is convenient to take as a vitamin-like pill a day.

Only a doctor can determine if PROPECIA is right for you. PROPECIA is for men only. Further, women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use PROPECIA and should not handle crushed or broken tablets because of the risk of a specific kind of birth defect. (See accompanying Patient Information for details.) PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more to see visible results. PROPECIA may not regrow all your hair. And if you stop using this product, you will gradually lose the hair you have gained. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works for recession at the temple areas. If you haven't seen results after 12 months of using PROPECIA, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit.

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. A very small number of men experienced certain side effects, such as less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects were reversible and went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA. They also disappeared in most men (38%) who continued taking PROPECIA.

So start talking to your doctor. And stop thinking that hair loss is inevitable.

CALL 1-800-344-6622 or visit our website at [www.propecia.com](http://www.propecia.com) today to receive detailed product information, including clinical "before and after" photographs. Please read the next page for additional information about PROPECIA.

**Propecia**  
(finasteride)

Helping make hair loss history™



# Green

A Month in the Life of Your Money

By Ken Kurson



## Babe in the Woods

Unless you truly understand risk, investing can be a thing with really big teeth

Ken Kurson gives you two envelopes with \$1 million in it. He shows you his sealed envelopes and tells you he's certain ten times what he already gave you while the others will one soon. He offers to tell you one of his sealed

envelopes for the million he already gave you. Do you pay \$1 million for a fifty-fifty chance to walk away with either \$100,000 or \$18 million?

The answer is yes. Not "Maybe" or "It de-

pends" or the ever-popular "No, because I'd be more sad to lose that \$100 than I'd be happy gaining \$1 million." I ignore the man at this time, so don't bother telling me that the correct answer depends on the decision maker's circumstances; rather, say, he owns a marvellous bookie, exactly \$1 million, in which given the customer loses \$100,000 versus \$10 million but gains versus \$10, it's this simple: You're risking only \$100,000 for a fifty-fifty shot at a \$9 million jackpot. Since a "bet" means a fifty-fifty shot at a payoff of two-to-one, a fifty-fiftyshot at a two-to-one payoff is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Why then does nearly everyone whines that this problem can't keep the trillion?

Because people like a sure thing. Often times, however, doing nothing is riskier than doing something.

The envelope problem was first presented to me by Abby Wolff, a member of the Dallas Aces bridge club and among the world's best players. Bridge, like all poker, against players and games, looks down on outliers: recognition of instances when the earthenly fair pen subverts the dopamine to rule. The great bridge or poker player sees those opportunities and hits them hard. Abby's the perennialist.

The fundamental premise behind investing is that there's a correspondence between risk and return. This relationship, if legend is invisible as the law of gravity, dictates that there's no such thing as a high returning low-risk investment. That's why government bonds, which are very safe to default, pay less interest than corporate bonds and why you pay less for a dollar of a shakier company's earnings than for the same dollar of Microsoft's earnings plus.

But that sounds simple. I didn't explain why most sophisticated investors consistently ignore the risk half of the equation in search of higher returns. A consistent bull market replicates parrotolla, but I contend that the winning answer to the envelope question explains more of it. It's hard

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF MCKEE

A shirtless man leaning against a chair, advertising Lagerfeld JAKO fragrance.

**LAGERFELD  
JAKO**  
THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

Here  
Always.

Somewhere else

Unisex. Hybrid. Marshall Field's



Celebrate Father's Day with a  
fabulous gift idea from Lagerfeld JAKO.

Yours with any \$35.00 fragrance purchase.

A fragrance of seductive energy and rich contrasts.  
Modern, masculine, intriguing, the new men's fragrance from Karl Lagerfeld.

Here, discover the style of Lagerfeld JAKO: sleekly defined in the  
perfect gift: a pair of brushed metal designer sunglasses.

One in a lifetime, while supplies last.

**LAGERFELD**  
**JAKO**

© 2000 Unilever North America  
LAGERFELD JAKO

# The Titanium IWC. Political correctness notwithstanding, this is a man's watch.

The hard fact? The watch first titanium  
chronograph was made by IWC. Now comes the GST  
Chrono Automatic, a mechanical chronograph  
made of tough, skin friendly titanium. Sapphire crystal  
hardness degree 9. Paired bracelet system.  
Water-resistant to 400 feet. Ref. 3705. Horseshoe \$ 3895.  
Also available in stainless steel or 18-carat yellow gold.

IWC

Since 1868.

And for as long as there are men.



 **ALPHA OMEGA**

*Discover A World...Revolutes*

Barclay's Plaza, 17 E. 52nd, Concourse Nth, 800.544.1227

200 Congress Street, Boston, MA, 800.438.9999

Offices: 800.438.4267

# Green

to understand which stocks to buy.

Sure, any given opportunity might prove disastrous, just as a winner that one of the next five coin tosses will turn up heads will be a less than one out of thirty-two chance. That's

why you don't bet your entire fortune on even the most tantalizing proposition. But the law of large numbers dictates that, given enough chances, the "right" outcome will eventually be produced.

## My War: The Scorecard

A monthly look at my real-money portfolio (valued \$199K with \$14K cash)

	Value	Shares	% Chg.	Chg.	Value
Cash	\$14,000	0	0.0%	\$0	\$14,000
General Mills	30	434	-0.7%	-3.0%	\$1,222
GEICO	30	1,231	-0.7%	-8.4%	\$1,222
General Electric	100	1,000	-0.7%	-7.0%	\$1,000
Global Industrial Supply	100	100	-0.7%	-0.7%	\$1,000
Globe Leasing	30	1,439	-0.7%	-10.1%	\$1,439
Goldman Sachs	10	1,237	-0.7%	-8.9%	\$1,439
Marathon Petroleum	11	1,232	-0.7%	-8.5%	\$1,232
Matsushita	100	1,007	-0.7%	-7.3%	\$1,007
McDonald's	21	1,014	-0.7%	-7.1%	\$100
MetLife	100	1,008	-0.7%	-7.0%	\$100
Merck & Co.	12	1,009	-0.7%	-7.0%	\$100
Meritor Friction	200	100	-0.7%	-20.1%	\$100
National Grid	50	132	-0.7%	-8.9%	\$100
Newsweek Inc.	100	126	-0.7%	-1.6%	\$100
Office Depot	100	1,000	-0.7%	-7.0%	\$100
Portfolios	100	1,000	-0.7%	-7.0%	\$100
Portfolio Value Portion	100	1,000	-0.7%	-7.0%	\$100
Portfolios Since Last Report (\$1,176)			+4.7%		
PORTFOLIO FOR 1994					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1993					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1992					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1991					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1990					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1989					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1988					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1987					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1986					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1985					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1984					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1983					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1982					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1981					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1980					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1979					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1978					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1977					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1976					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1975					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1974					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1973					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1972					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1971					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1970					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1969					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1968					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1967					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1966					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1965					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1964					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1963					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1962					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1961					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1960					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1959					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1958					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1957					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1956					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1955					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1954					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1953					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1952					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1951					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1950					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1949					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1948					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1947					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1946					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1945					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1944					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1943					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1942					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1941					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1940					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1939					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1938					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1937					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1936					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1935					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1934					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1933					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1932					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1931					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1930					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1929					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1928					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1927					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1926					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1925					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1924					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1923					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1922					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1921					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1920					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1919					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1918					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1917					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1916					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1915					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1914					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1913					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1912					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1911					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1910					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1909					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1908					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1907					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1906					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1905					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1904					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1903					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1902					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1901					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1900					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1899					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1898					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1897					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1896					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1895					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1894					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1893					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1892					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1891					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1890					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1889					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1888					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1887					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1886					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1885					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1884					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1883					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1882					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1881					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1880					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1879					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1878					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1877					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1876					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1875					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1874					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1873					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1872					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1871					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1870					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1869					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1868					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1867					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1866					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1865					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1864					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1863					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1862					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1861					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1860					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1859					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1858					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1857					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1856					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1855					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1854					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1853					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1852					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1851					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1850					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1849					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1848					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1847					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1846					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1845					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1844					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1843					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1842					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1841					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1840					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1839					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1838					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1837					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1836					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1835					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1834					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1833					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1832					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1831					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1830					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1829					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1828					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1827					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1826					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1825					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1824					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1823					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1822					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1821					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1820					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1819					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1818					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1817					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1816					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1815					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1814					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1813					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1812					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1811					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1810					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1809					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1808					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1807					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1806					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1805					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1804					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1803					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1802					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1801					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1800					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1799					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1798					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1797					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1796					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1795					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1794					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1793					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1792					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1791					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1790					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1789					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1788					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1787					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1786					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1785					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1784					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1783					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1782					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1781					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1780					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1779					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1778					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1777					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1776					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1775					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1774					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1773					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1772					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1771					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1770					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1769					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1768					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1767					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1766					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1765					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1764					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1763					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1762					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1761					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1760					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1759					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1758					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1757					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1756					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1755					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1754					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1753					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1752					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1751					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1750					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1749					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1748					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1747					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1746					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1745					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1744					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1743					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1742					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1741					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1740					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1739					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1738					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1737					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1736					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1735					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1734					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1733					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1732					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1731					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1730					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1729					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1728					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1727					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1726					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1725					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1724					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1723					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1722					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1721					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1720					
PORTFOLIO FOR 1719					

**Green**

that paid a coupon of 5 percent a year and matured in 1983; each bond was convertible to a share of stock in AMC communited. The stock was at \$100 at the time, so you could get \$1000 worth of stock. If the bond was sold for \$100, so were \$100 in your pocket. You buy a \$1000 bond at \$100. If you have a salary of \$400 monthly and spend \$400 buying the home, you could convert anything you wonned back into money you wanted to put another 5 percent on your money—say with no closed-out. But wait, there's more!

*If the company died, the bond would have some liquidator value while the stock*

— Related news links —

given the worst financial decisions people make more often than they do is to hold off repaying their debts until after gold, silver, and real estate have appreciated in value. Holding money for investments in a checking account is the classic example. But this is where others, like when I walked away from my job as a financial advisor to become a personal finance coach, can really help. They can tell you that the most important investment you'll ever make is your education. That's the first step to getting rid of debt.

Life insurance is often a dubious deal. In this case, the provider is at best something hogging its fee. The insurance will make me pay premiums, but it'll also increase my rates so that my wife will not be able to get the same rates as the lower premiums. Furthermore, I'll have to pay a premium for the first year. At \$1,000 a month for five years, this will amount to nearly \$60,000. And if I were to cash in my policy after five years, I'd only get back about \$30,000—a year later more—depending on coverage, at the value of the investment. Last a nonsmoking pig in her lifetime will usually earn a profit—minus initial fifteen percent of all life policies for their fees. Then as a few losses—fewer than one percent—occur, the fees increase. Their mortality—and cheaply—then your friendly auto dealer can make.

would be worthless. So the bond would have a net present value of about 10 percent. So we bought the bond and shared the stock. And now we're in exactly 50 percent on a bond with a face value of \$1 million. But since we paid only \$600,000 two years ago, it's currently worth 16.2 percent. We share the stock—it was a top stock paying no dividend—so we don't have to reimburse the lesser of the shares. So there we were, getting 16.2 percent on the bonds, but at the same time we avoided the stock sell procedure at 16.2 percent, as well as looking at 16.2 percent on a no-risk situation. That's pretty much better.

"we brought it up—since the government's  
done nothing, we don't even have to put up the

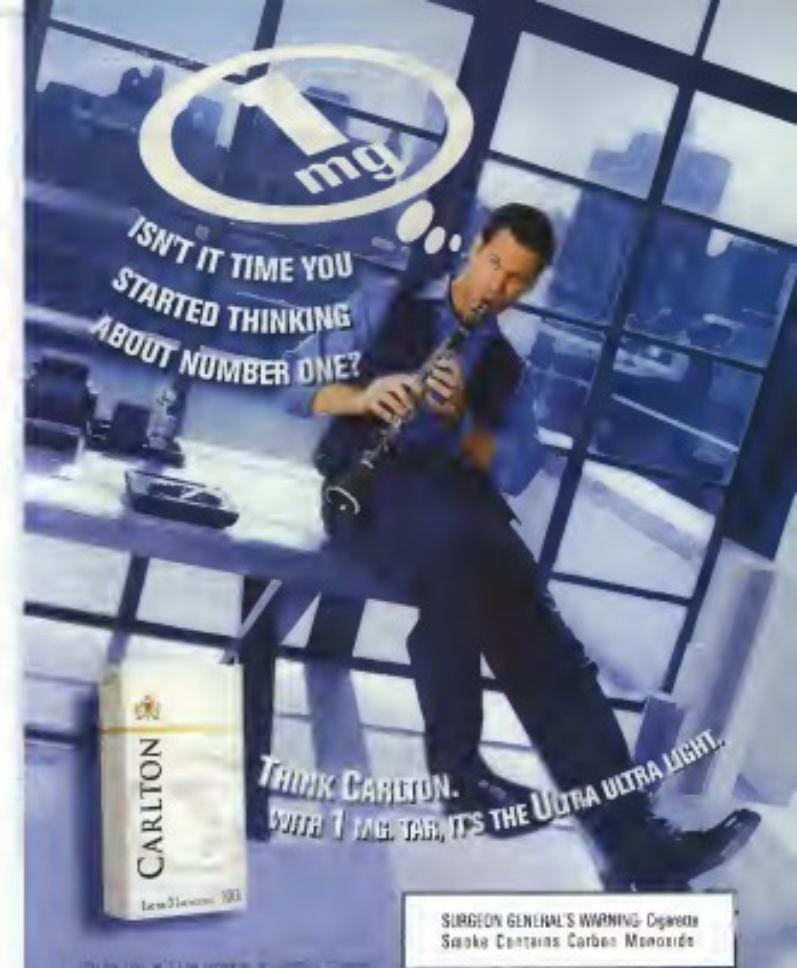
## Four Ways to Minimize Risk

**Instructions that simple and clear are few and far between, but we made sure pain about writing all standard just like that."**

A few years later, Thorpe-partnership remained in place, but then the NYSE's all-time-largest dollar value block trade when it bought \$300 million of the old AT&T and sold short \$300 million worth of "new" stock that represented AT&T plus the new Baby Bells. The cover of *Arbitrage*—a 75 percent—revealed a quick \$7.5 million for Thorpe & Associates, with little effort or risk. Down goes Fisher.

Overall, the average investor can simply point to a portfolio with a 10% return and say, "I am consistently able to have enough money to make them pay, but the point is that you're going to \$10 million in 30 years, for example, at 3% with high risk." That's why a hedge fund like ours, Terra Capital, a guys don't look at that price. In this inverse manner, Terra borrowed about \$16 million against equity of \$4 billion day someone invests \$100,000 per year that you do. It's equivalent to buying \$100,000. You invest the money, and it returns a steady \$10 to the investor that looks like a 10% return, but from the subsequent point of view it's looking more like a 20% gain.

I used Tron, which adds six, nine, mark throne, and 11kicks all over the design, that we frequently refreshed players methodically grind our \$500 NL poker table only to lay half of it out red at the roulette table. Was that how the Melungeons at Long Term Capital assumed so much more risk than their betsize.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarettes  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide

Want a  
KAHLÚA AND MILK  
To Go?



Try Kahlúa Briskets To Go.

Kohaku, G-Tech, Ti-Max, G-  
S2, White Diamond and more.  
In partnership with 9 partners.

www.browntrout.com



сама-то не будешь же магом предстанет?

"I call it compartmentalized citizenship," Reed said. "One can be highly involved in one subject matter and a complete void on another."

That's what happens with gamblers seduced with incentives: whenever there's "real" money around, people have a tendency to play fast and loose—or to get exceedingly conservative. Neither approach is correct. You should **NEVER**

The crab exactly as you would have had you wanted it. The specifics of what precisely you should do with your dog(s) depend on the details of your life now. What all things being equal, talk to a local

or you should give more respect to than you do. Even if there isn't a memo outside your front door noting these cash-laden envelopes you've sent to the hospital, you do get credit as somebody who's accessible.

**Money to Burn?  
Then Don't Play That Way**



Tutor is quickly made enough way receive and you'll know that when and how people plan power they've not pressing all that much at tension to risk, and yet gambling is almost panderly analogous to investing, and easily reward how leverages fall so could move the most obvious money losing bets.

Take a look at a regular, safe. A regular safe has thirty safety catches (heights not depth) black & white stripes. But the best safety catch is the one that has the most amount of rebound time. Your chance of losing your door is ten times in thirty days. The mean time expected comes in about 500-500-1-500-100. What I do is prevent it off the house side or prevent it from being taken off the house side. If you want to make sure that it's not going to be taken off the house side, you should make sure that the safety catch is at least twice the same height between house edge and bumper so the bumper will not be able to drop it. Considering not a 12 and take a look at the door which has a 12-14 percent edge. And if you have an extra pair here at once give the house a 14-14 percent edge. But even at the edges you'll probably only qualify for one type of insurance.

A woman dressed as a cow, wearing a white udder and a headpiece with a tail, is pouring Kahlúa from a large metal keg into a glass. She is standing in a field with cows in the background under a blue sky.

the game

By Charles P. Pierce

# The Snake-Handling Pole-Vaulter



In addition to collecting very large, carnivorous snakes, Jeff Hartwig collects poles. He's the premier pole-vaulter in the world.

**T**HIS IS ABOUT three places as a very small place. It is about a house and a barn and a schoolyard.

The house was built from a barn in the road that led into a neighborhood that someone carved out of a barn field on the south side of the town. As the house has six dogs, two monitor lizards, forty-one species of various birds, an equal amount of George, and Jeff Hartwig, the

best pole-vaulter in the world. This makes this house different from any other house in Jonesboro, Arkansas.

The house rises from a barn field not far away, and it looks like every other house in every other barn field, all reminders of corrugated iron, the property edged with low stone, barbed wire in which are tangled the rusting remnants of a dozen old machines. Inside the barn, there are plastic pole-vaulting, and that makes this barn

different from all the other barns in Jonesboro, Arkansas.

RICHARD MELDE



## ConnectFirst fares. Move up to First Class for the price of Coach.

Just between us, there's no better deal in business travel than ConnectFirst from Northwest Airlines. When you pay full-fare Coach on qualifying connecting flights, you receive an automatic upgrade to First Class. Plus you receive 1,000 WorldFare® Bonus Miles rounding. Think of it: the amenities and comfort of First Class for the price of Coach. And if you are traveling to Asia, ask about our new ConnectFirst Asia fares. For reservations, book online at [www.nwa.com](http://www.nwa.com), call your travel agent or call Northwest at 1-800-225-2525 and ask for a ConnectFirst fare. Next time, fly First Class for the price of Coach. Hey what they don't know back at the office won't hurt them.



1-800-225-2525 • [www.nwa.com](http://www.nwa.com)

© 1998 Northwest Airlines Corporation. All rights reserved. Northwest, the Northwest Airlines logo, ConnectFirst, and WorldFare are registered trademarks of Northwest Airlines Corporation. Other marks and names used herein may be trademarks of their respective owners. Northwest Airlines is a member of the Star Alliance. Member of the Star Alliance. © 1998 Northwest Airlines Corporation. All rights reserved. Northwest, the Northwest Airlines logo, ConnectFirst, and WorldFare are registered trademarks of Northwest Airlines Corporation. Other marks and names used herein may be trademarks of their respective owners. Northwest Airlines is a member of the Star Alliance. Member of the Star Alliance.

**FESTINA**  
WATCHES

AVAILABLE AT THESE AND  
OTHER FINE JEWELERS

DALLAS JEWELERS  
Dallas • Ft. Worth • Irving  
Shreve's • West TX

DESCHNER DIAMONDS  
Boston • White Sulphur Springs

FEILDMAR WATCH CENTER  
Los Angeles, CA

FLORIDA JEWELERS  
Boca Raton, FL

FORTUNATO THE SOURCE  
Weston, NY

CY FREDRICKS  
Chester, PA

GANTEN JEWELERS  
Tampa, FL

GOLD SOURCE  
Wayne, NJ

HALFTIME JEWELERS  
Norristown, PA

HANNODISH JEWELERS  
Salem, CT • Milford, NY • Locust

HUBERT'S BERYLLIN JEWELERS  
Cincinnati, OH

KOI KOEN & SON  
Austin, TX

KRUECKL  
Overland Park Kansas City KS  
Cincinnati, OH • St. Louis, MO

LAKES JEWELERS  
New York, NY

LEO HAMBEL & CO  
San Diego, CA

LODGE JEWELERS  
Punta Gorda, FL

MORRISSEY FINE JEWELERS  
West Des Moines, IA

PEOPLES JEWELERS  
In Canada

PONTOFINO JEWELRY & GEMS  
Edwards, CO

PRECISION TIME  
Seattle, WA

TANNASHAN JEWELERS  
Albuquerque, NM

UNIVERSAL TIME  
Honolulu • Las Vegas • NV

VILLAGE JEWELERS  
Arlington • Tysons Corner, VA

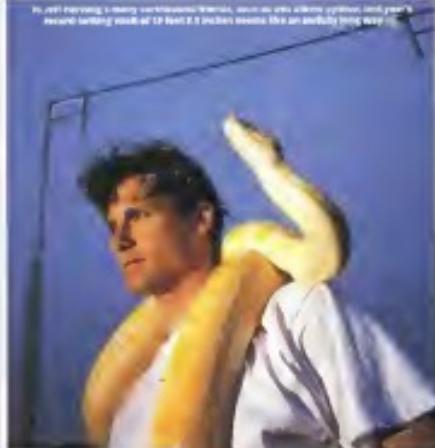
WATCHZONE  
San Francisco • Santa Monica, CA

## the game

HOW MANY MINT REBOTS DO THE  
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, IT ASKS,  
AND THAT IS WHY THIS SCHOOLYEAR IS NOT  
LIKE ANY OTHER SCHEDULED IN JENSENBEACH,  
FLORIDA.

Life, it seems, can be a paradox. You  
rise and fall, up several sunrises per  
year—a goal, a great love, a perfect  
family and you go there and get over,  
or you get close and then fall away be-  
cause life somewhere raised the bar on  
you. You get close, and then you fall  
away, out of the sky, steady as rain,  
until it's a paradox.

That is the story of these three places  
in a very small town, the schoolroom  
with the signs, the home with the ar-  
ches, and the house with the polished wood  
and the knobs and all the ankles in the  
front bedroom. Jensenbeach is an open  
place, tucked into the northeast corner  
of the state, the watersheds and rap-  
streams more mangrove children of the  
great mother river to the sea, a place  
where you can see flags against the  
distant horizon and where winter travel,  
boundless as bows, over the sprawling  
beach fields.



© 1999 Festina USA



FESTINA  
SWISS  
MANUFACTURE



# FESTINA

Make Your Move. This remarkable timepiece's automatic  
charging technology converts your movement into energy.  
European styled and designed for the active lifestyle.

**FESTINA. It's About Time.™**

The New American®

© Festina USA, 1999. For your nearest authorized jeweler call toll free 1-800-FESTINA. Distributed in North America by  
Festina USA, Inc., 914-423-0225, email: [www.festinausa.com](http://www.festinausa.com)

# the game

who happens to be the best pole vaulter in the world.

"A lot of people," explains Jeff Hartwig, "can't talk no thangs about the techniques of the pole vault, but they've got all kinds of questions about the vault. All they know is that I'm the Olympic pole-vaulter who keeps big records."

Like most athletes, Hartwig is long, and lean; at a sport meant for strength,

Hartwig admits, "Most people think we're crazy. It's not like skydiving. I mean, in skydiving, you take that step and then you're out. You're done what you came to do. In pole vaulting, you've got to stay focused mentally while you run down there and do something that most people would consider extremely scary. You've got to feel out of control and you've got to go off the pole. Hopefully, you're headed in the right direction."

## When he's not vaulting, Hartwig does programs at schools around town, watching as fifth graders strain to lift Niki, his fourteen-foot Burmese python.

powerful, spindly types. His eyes are bright and intelligent, with just enough eccentric gleam to them to mask him as a villain. Spectators have supercilious eyes—narrowed, focused, and unfriendly. There is the measured glow of a skilled lathe behind the eyes of weight lifters. A vaulter's eyes, though, are encompassing, as both anyone who has been self-taught will say.

"We're all instinctive to some degree,"

"but along with all instinct is that it is an event based on failure. Unless you break a world record, you always try higher, which means that even when you win, you must point left pump. Your event always ends in failure."

The United States—country of the Wright brothers, John Glenn, and Evel Knievel—is once a pole-vault nation. We had the first man over 10 feet (Coronation Williamson), the first over

8 feet (Gale Dabbs), the first over 9 feet (Bubble Cott).  
a.  
b.  
"I was lucky to dominate for as long as we did," Hartwig explains. "We won a lot of championships in jump-offs and in team events. Part of it is that track and field is now a forgotten sport here in non-Olympic years."

Since making the 1996 Olympic team, Hartwig has been the most senior cast member in the world. That year, he not only cleared sixteen feet for the first time, he did so after losing the heart of the season to a broken hand. By March of this year, Hartwig had successfully become the first American to clear six meters (19 feet 5 2/3 inches); he also had broken both the American indoor (19 feet 6 2/3 inches) and outdoor (19 feet 6 5 inches) records. In 1995, he cleared sixteen feet in twelve-out-of-the-thirteen meets in which he competed, and, though he was ranked only second in the world, most vaulters believe that his consistency made Hartwig the best in the world at the event.

"Every year," says Earl Bell, a former Olympian who coaches Hartwig out of the barn that sits in the hills behind "Jeff got a 30th birthday. I think if you'd come to me six or seven years ago, I'd have said he'd already overachieved."

Hartwig found devotion to the vault and his reptiles at Janschko's Round Barns of St. Louis, he began vaulting in high school. After graduating, Hartwig heard of the little vaulting empire that Bell had been building in



*Davidoff*  
**Good Life**

The new fragrance for men  
available at fine department stores



L.L.Bean  
GO ANYWHERE

GEAR DABBS  
BUBBLE COTT

1995 FISHING CATALOG  
1-800-221-1888  
1-800-221-1888  
FAX 1-800-221-1888  
1-800-221-1888

HEARTS CROSS-TIE  
MOUNTAIN TRAIL  
ITEM #100100

# the game

Jacksonville, where he had gone to college. Harming graduated at ASU, graduating in 1990. Then, in 1991, a woman named Luis Lohr came down to Jeff's now-burnt-out house in town. Lohr had a red rose. Barefoot, python named John. Harming was first carried with the animal, and Luis Lohr took a coiling python back in Texas; he left the snake with Harming. Also, there's a rattle that the python passed to his snake reward.

"After that snake died," Harming says, "I spent two months reading anything I could about snakes." He compiled an extensive library, and he wrote himself in many of my books at a store, some of which he had bred for pet stores. As his training improved, Harming found his蛇友 popular. A tape of his snake show did well, and he did programs at the schools around town, watching in-home classes of fifth graders strummed on like little banjo-like guitars while the snake who was as calm and gentle as a kitten sat down.

Harming got married, and he settled into the house in the fork in the road.

## There is hope that a town where children once may be redeemed by a snake-loving pole-vaulter who

The snakes moved into the north guest room. He liked Jacksonville, "I grew up really into living here," he says. "You can leave your doors unlocked, and you can sleep with the windows open at night." He helped build the training center out in the barn fields. One day, Harming heard Bell running on the construction workers. The crew was passing through in a hurry, and Bell asked why.

Because tomorrow's the opening of hunting season, and all these guys won't be here, the foreman replied.

"Well, they wouldn't work for any company," Bell said.

We used to sing folks, said the foreman. Didn't realize a drama.

### THE BARN

Inside the barn, there is a radio pumping classic rock—except when Harming shows up and changes it to a local hip-hop station, which usually drives Bell out onto the barn field amid the honked牛 and picante guitars. "He's a studion, so you figure he's a little sensitive, and you can understand the situation," says

Carl Bell. "But I never signed up for the rock music yet."

At one end of the barn, down past the wilts corner and the with full of poles, hanging like herpoons in their nests, there is a snaring pit. Two experts have now made the ceiling above a large, off-white bag, the same bag in which Harming found his snakes when he finished seventh at the 1996 Olympics. On the wall behind the pit, exactly 19 feet 6 inches off the floor, there is a line drawn to celebrate Harming's American record. It's nearly the height of a two-story building. It's twice the height of a basketball run from the floor of the barn, it's so staggeringly high to consider rising toward, let alone falling from. Bell doesn't touch the top of the wall. There is still ample clearance inside the barn.

"It takes a great deal of courage to do what Jeff is going to do," Bell explains.

Carl Bell's father was a military doc not assigned to the Canal Zone. His mother was Pennsylvania. The family moved to Jacksonville when Bell was five.

As a family project, his father set up a

high and you start thinking. Maybe Ed's gonna come in on this work."

Bell has worked to develop Harming's most dangerous gift—he likes to jump extraordinarily high. They do not do this in the envelope of trauma. They don't make a try at novelty but just for laughs. Instead, they make sure that Harming's technique is so refined that he can clear distances far on slalom attempts. So that, Bell and Harming believe, and maybe Bell will call this a career. After all, if Harming can actually clear distances by seven inches, he is walking curves. Even whether the bar is set there or not, Bell says, "I can jump and would break." Harming says, "I can when I can jump twenty feet. It's a matter of how everything lines up." That's where consistency comes in. In 1996-97, the Americans were so wrong every everyone felt. They made eightights right every single night. Then the bar would go to another level, and guys that were jumping eighteen right and clearing nineteen feet every time would realize, That's it, that's a mental barrier."

On the morning of March 24, 1998,

Harming got up, drove over to the barn in the team field, and threw himself into a workout. Afterwards, he drove to Memphis to buy some snakes. On his car radio, he heard someone naming Jacksonville. He turned it up. Back in the barn, a vaulter named Karl Becker saw his neighborhood on the small television screen. There was his home, and there was Weisade Middle School. There were dozens of police officers, and ambulances, and children lying on the ground. A teacher was dead. Four children were dead. Ten children were wounded.

"Two other children were injured." Karl Becker ran to his car. It took him a long time to get home. Carl Bell had left out of his barn and thought about his hometown, the place of place where this kind of thing didn't happen, looking out at the road that wound toward the west side, where the barn fields fell off down the ridge toward the sea country.

### THE SCHOOLDAY

It's nearly a year later, and the children are on vacation. The schoolyard is quiet;

The woodland nearby, where two boys named Andrew Goldie and Michael Johnson—good, God fearing Christian children, the kind that are mighty to their families and grandfathers to lift the ducks that feed on the water's location—posted a sign beside with goats and acrobats, where they took their Sunday lessons in uniform, where they sighted down the barrels of their weapons and opened up on their classmates as though their classmates were decked harridans, while wood was silent except for the calls of songbirds and the wind that rustles the bare branches as though they were weeping here.

That day, just as Kim Becker was leaving the barn and trying to go home, Suzanne Wilson wandered directly over the killing ground at Weisade Middle School. She was looking for Breitling Werner, her eleven-year-old daughter, a smiling child with bangs and a wide, happy smile. Suzanne found Breitling on the ground, one of the four children whom Andrew Goldie and Michael Johnson—good, God fearing Christian children dressed like Happy Meal Rams—but had their day in the playground.

"Going and searching for your child and seeing your child's life on the ground is the middle of a scared headache together, that's a feeling I will never forget," Suzanne Wilson says. "The terror that you see in other people when they look you in the eye, and you know."

Jonesboro has worked hard at healing. A year later, civic leaders will tell you that life has moved on, mentioning that Weisade was the last place on earth that you'd expect some

## murdered other children is the best in the world.

thing like this to happen. Except that everybody here has a gun and knows how to use one, and the children pose with rifles the way some kids pose with their toy trains, and everybody takes the day off for the opening of duck season. Construction workers pouring concrete for a handful of pole-vaulters wait for the day. Children sing school.

Suzanne Wilson has stayed in town, a good and peaceful, and she's emerged to hear that Jonesboro has become a haven for the country's pole-vaulters, that people come here from all over America to work with Carl Bell, to leap and jump and run toward the ceiling of a barn in a barn field, and their wives where children once murdered other children one day be at least partly redressed by a snake-handling pole-vaulter who is at the heart of the world.

"I think I've seen that place," says Suzanne Wilson. "It's out there off the bypass near 238."

Jeff Harming has been trying to wholesale one of his sizable presentations at the Weisade Middle School so the fifth graders there can slop and giggle and throw their hands back as they watch a snake charmer almost as long as the arm of a classmate. He also goes out to the barn, working on his technique, looking up, then running, rising up above the barn fields and the nearby woods, up above all the snakes in his house and all the snakes in the history of a small place, up in the slippery pencils, and then over the top and falling, down and snap. In the end's dark sky, a white flag flutters on the horizon line of paradise. ■



"THE GRAVE'S  
AN ALL-POWERFUL PLACE, BUT  
I'LL COME BACK  
FASTER THAN A FLAME SUCKS AIR.  
IF YOU MESS WITH  
MY RECIPE."

William Goldie, Founder  
Closing of The Brunch  
Table At The Zoo, 1932



100 YEARS OF GREATNESS EQUALS INTEGRITY

Glenfiddich

SINGLE MALT

SCOTCH WHISKY

the screen

By Tom Carson



# .44something

God, guns, and gangsters made American movies great. How HBO's *The Sopranos* has reinvigorated a tired genre.

**O**H, I ADMIT IT: I've never understood why *Godfather* brags the \$2 million-to-Hansen of *Melvin* is planning to have Mr. Ratko whacked. I still don't know why the young Von peys off Formula before it begins. I'm stampeded by the thought of his kids parking Neuman gets up in style after the double-crossed them. And this is after a classic trap-and-viewing of a saga that I once rated the greatest American movie ever made. In tandem with the most controversial first season ever, which was only the greatest gangster flick ever made,

François Ford Coppola's *The Godfather*, Part II created a mythology that certainly felt indispensable to what we talk about when we talk about being Americans—extempore of love, archetypes, and endlessly replicable. *Sopranos*'s creators call you know about the same way you had in the video, watch for the thinking Statue of Liberty! Rather than striking at an iconoclast, or plot, confusion over *Travolta*, a reminder of how often this country's artists have echoed Beatty in *The Great and the Beautiful*. "I was trying to say..."

Outlasting my number of don units,

ROBERT MUNSON



[www.munsingwear.com](http://www.munsingwear.com)

©1999 A division of Gap Inc. International: 1-800-234-2222

GRAND SLAM.



# CROSSINGS®

*... where fashion meets reality.*



SO YOU'VE MASTERED THE ART OF WELL-AFFORDED BUSINESS AND CASUAL DRESSING. NOW IT'S TIME TO TRANSLATE THAT SENSE OF PERSONAL STYLE FROM THE CLOTHES ON YOUR BACK TO THE ROOMS YOU INHABIT. IF YOUR HOME IS indeed your castle, its decor shouldn't reflect the court-jester days of down-living. CORRECT? RELAX. SHADING A STYLISH HOME DOESN'T REQUIRE DECADES OF PLANNING, GUYING 'EM GOLD, OR THE LAST OF A LITTLE FREEDOM. ALL YOU NEED ARE A FEW WALK-IN-CLOSET AND A FEW TIME-SAVING STRATEGIES.

# A Room With a Viewpoint

Bringing Home  
Your Personal Style



UNLESS YOU LIVE IN A STUDIO APARTMENT, THERE ARE ONLY TWO TYPES OF ROOMS: THOSE WHERE WE GATHER WITH FRIENDS OR FAMILY, AND THOSE THAT SERVE AS OUR PERSONAL SANCTUARIES. HERE'S HOW TO RECAST BOTH TO SUIT YOUR PERSONAL STYLE.

## The Living Room

It's the ultimate gathering room, the place where it all happens, from living room to the next steps of seduction. Much of it takes place in a role which typically is one of the most important purchases you'll make. Since it can also be one of the most frustrating, here are seven key shopping guidelines:

You get what you pay for, so keep quality before



SOFA: DIAZ FROM ROLAND DESIGN

But to me built to last: like dried hardwood floors, 8- or 12-way hand-tied coil springs and firm, preferably tufted cushions. If the cushions are loose filled, make sure its down-covered foam or 100-percent high-density foam.

But to really judge a sofa, treat it like a car and take it for a test drive. As home design consultant Monica Ponzella advises, buy with your body. Forget perching politely. Lie down, throw a leg over the arm, roll around, sit on it at least a minute. After all, you'll spend countless



OTTOGAN: DESIGNER: TROY KELLY; PHOTOGRAPH: JEFFREY L. BROWN



GILDED: HANOVER; PILLOWS: JANE COOPER DESIGN; TOP: LAFAYETTE FROM ABC CARPET & HOME

## Moves on the Floor

Polyester or vinyl isn't quite ready... carpet starts onto the floor. High-quality wood floors may be beautiful but, too... keep in mind that you have no say.

Within your budget to prevent holes, damage, and any negligence in insulation... surely dwelling.

Area rugs are without question, especially for their ability to create a regional style statement. This choice is... helping prices rise on the

item, but that's a bonus. Buy the very best quality you want at ABC Carpet & Home. The flooring New York

marketplace is world-renowned for its almost limitless selection and superb service. It also offers enjoyment in the... colorful world.

Velvet wall carpet is the original... solution for items that don't fit perfectly... gathering room. Whether you prefer... un-handsome, refined walls, subtle textures, or other surprising solutions... wall-to-wall parchment. Get a rough... estimate of the amount of space you'll be covering (plus 10% for seam placement),... cost of the product, and determine how much you... will need per square foot, including initial... usage charges. The services at ABC Carpet & Home are incomparable, so... if you'd like to choose the colors and fabrics that... complete your room's decor.

One final word: padding. It's an extra... charge, but makes a world of difference... in terms of comfort and wear... and tear on your floor coverings.

## Introducing

The Wooster Collection



Hand-knotted in India  
wool in 4' x 6'

the 6<sup>th</sup> floor

**ABC**  
CARPET & HOME

NYC - 888 Broadway at East 19<sup>th</sup> Street, 6<sup>th</sup> Floor • Manhattan • 212-674-1144 or 473-3000  
ABC WAREHOUSE OUTLET - 1055 Bronx River Avenue (Corner of Bruckner Blvd.) • Bronx • NY • 718-642-6770  
ABC CARPET at 'THE SOURCE' - 1504 Old Country Road • Westbury, LI • 516-222-1113  
ABC OUTLET - 777 South Congress (between Union & Atlantic on I-95) • Delray Beach, FL • 561-279-7777  
ABC CARPET at HARRODS - Knightsbridge • Brompton Road • London • UK 0171 730 1234

# READ

Advertisement

**Left:** Redecore This. When old chairs and ottomans from Ralph Lauren's Below: Mission-style furniture look fresh.

How often you've sat this stage, right? Lighting makes the action happen when it's supposed to do it. We most emphasize, on your ceiling. So if you possess a tacky black halogen torchiere, swap it. Halogen light can sometimes create glare, especially in rooms with windows on just one side. To counterbalance, add a lamp on the opposite side.

Finally, the entertainment system. Peacock has got one thing to say about that: unfortunately iconic way of equipment! "A wall unit isn't

From a style purist, take added comfort from the growing number of well-known designers now venturing off into homestyle. Ralph Lauren and Bill Blass are strong voices offering home furnishings with a masculine edge; check out Eddie Bauer's newly revamped home collection for more informal looks.

## The Arrangement

Successful socializing, more precisely, is a direct result of furniture arrangement. Group furniture around one focal point, which could be a fireplace, a great view, or fine art (and if you can't afford a genuine Van Gogh, The Masters' Collection of fine-art reproductions offers the next best thing). If you have a large room, create a second gathering area in another part of the room. Live with different configurations until you determine what works best.



sensitive to power but its lack of importance! There's no law that says all telephones have to be in one place. To minimize the monolithic desk and computer, put the stereo in one corner. The TV in another. Then consider that smaller is smarter, and replace your rack with a bookshelf system. Including compact Book cube nominees just deliver省空间的声。

## the catalog of Style & INSPIRATION

In what you furnish your English Brooks, Invictus, Run Free, and other styles, do you think retro, shabby, traditional, or modern? Beyond designs, we create rustic, classic, country, neoclassical, and traditional lighting that are not just comfortable and functional, but beautiful and whimsical as well. Details that work for you and your decor—call today! Send us a card. Call for a complimentary catalog.

800-233-9443

new England designs and  
classic mission-style

**BAILEY DESIGNS**  
1600 Oldham Avenue, NY  
Albion, NY 14412

## The Kitchen

For centuries, people have tried to gather around food. Our parents may have convened in the dining room, but we tend to eat about informally whenever the food is prepared—which is why the party inevitably ends up in the kitchen.

That said, we could do an entire column on entertaining in the kitchen. But let's focus on convenience: we sure don't spend extra time in the kitchen, so we'd like to keep it simple. But open an large kitchen invites a crowd, so make the most of it. Open the slide, divide the work among the guests, and let the party begin.

In terms of equipment, forget about "Chef of the Future," gaudiness, and focus on the basic items at quality cookware, including a cast-iron pot. Make certain you have sufficient knives. Mr. Hendricks' propensity translated to cut anything except your fingers. And unless you're encouraging an eating design, the paper plates or focus on classic china or stemware. In the end, though, people come for the company, not the cuisine. And remember what it means to be a hostess: cleanliness is next to godliness.

Buffington Fine Arts, LTD  
824 W. 57th Street  
New York, NY 10023

### Gentlemen:

I regret to inform you that I must return Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" painting you sold me last week.

While it's a beautiful piece, capturing the emotional irony found in the painter's later works, I find it clashes with the mood set by my Casablanca Stealth® ceiling fan.

Please refund my \$3,315.00 at your earliest convenience.

### Sincerely,

Lindy White-Kinslow

Lindy White-Kinslow

To learn more about all 250+ styles of the world's finest ceiling fans, call 888-929-2128 for your nearest Casablanca dealer or to receive a brochure. Or visit us at [www.casablancafans.com](http://www.casablancafans.com).

**CASABLANCA**  
FANS & LIGHTING

Aspiring to  
the Sublime.

Call for our  
free catalog:  
**1-800-708-9703**

Freight, Maine,  
New York, NY  
San Francisco, CA  
[www.thosmoser.com](http://www.thosmoser.com)



**THOS. MOSER**  
CABINET MAKERS

Advertisement

## The Bedroom

Decorative items for soft, flowing, colorful pillows. Glass and crystal objects, squares, glass and resin items. Gessner! Gesso! Glass! Bed! Iron! Metal! Paper! Cloth! Jewelry! Art! Books! Prints! Paintings! Art!

A good retreat starts with a good mattress. It's the foundation for your bed which is where you spend fully one-third of your life. Remember this name: Tempur-Pedic. Made of a material developed by NASA, the High-Loft mattress conforms to your body so you can really sleep and bounce right back when you're not laying on it. Better yet: it's guaranteed for 20 years, which means you'll never have to flip your mattress again.

As for sheets, adhere to the three-set rule: one set for the bed, one in the laundry, and one in the closet. High thread count alone is not enough; look for long-fiber cotton like Egyptian or Sustain, which will get softer over time and last generations. American designers like Calvin Klein and Tommy Hilfiger have started European classics like Frette and Anchel. In creating handsome designs for the well-made bed, available at fine retailers like ABC. A great alternative for knee-pain sufferers is to consult the Garnet Hill catalog for sumptuous colors and floral bedding in an array of colors and patterns.

Finally, consider the practicality and

ambiance of a fine ceiling fan. An air conditioner adds noise to your otherwise peaceful space and adds to your electric bill; whereas a ceiling fan converts static breezes at a fraction of the cost—check Henningsen's website. Thanks to design innovations like Gessner! Items, you can select styles that complement virtually every room or setting.

## The Bathroom

The bathroom is a place for cleansing the body and cleaning the mind. It's a place we go to think, to get away. It's probably also the last place you'd think of putting a chair, but we've done lots of additional surround seating. If you have the room, why not try a chair or even a stool upholstered in fancy cloth, available from Rattan Designs?

That aside, the well-scappped bathroom has four basic levels or larger bath shelves in a solid color, a ceramic shower caddy, terry cloths, and a good shaving mirror. This truly well-appointed bathroom, though, has glowing lanterns and accessories as well as elegant soaker tubs and凭ers, available through fine catalogs like Ballard Designs and Garnet Hill.

**an original point of view**  
a catalog with fresh perspectives

At Garnet Hill we like to look for unusual things from new angles. We like unique, natural-quality natural fibers to give them that "out-of-the-ordinary" certain twist. There's a reason we're in the "Original" Natural Fibers Catalog. You'll know why when you see your free copy. Please call us today at **1-800-429-0216**, mention **GH77**.

**Garnet Hill**  
221 Main Street  
Farmington Hills, MI 48336

*As Close to the Real Thing as there is!*

Discover how a beautiful replica on canvas can enhance any room's beauty. From classical, Impressionist, and fine surreal art, to easel-paintings, tapestries, and leather-covered art, THE MASTERS' COLLECTION offers unique, museum-quality reproductions from major collections. Boldly crafted hand-gilded wood frames.

*Free color catalog  
**1-800-2-CANVAS**, Dept. 1244*  
[www.MasterCollection.com](http://www.MasterCollection.com)

**THE MASTERS' COLLECTION**  
10 Davis Drive • Suite 100 • Somers, NY 10589

*The Europeans Have Spent Centuries Perfecting the Art of Home Decor.*

Our inspired recreations bring the rich tradition of European decorative arts to your home. Royal tapestries, painted mirrors, Classical and Gothic Sculptures, French porcelains, opulent chandeliers and lampshades, multi-purpose cabinets in elegant wood frames...a range like no other.

*Free catalog of historical reproduction arts for the home and garden*

**Call toll-free  
**1-800-525-1733****  
[www.toscana.com](http://www.toscana.com)

**TOSCANA**  
11 East Crosswell St., Dept. 5000  
Altadena, California 91001

[www.toscana.com](http://www.toscana.com)

THE HOME OFFICE SUITE. PERHAPS NO OTHER SPACE IN YOUR DOMAIN DEMANDS AS MUCH FUNCTIONALITY, SO IT REPRESENTS ONE OF YOUR BIGGEST AESTHETIC CHALLENGES. KEEP THE LOOK STREAMLINED AND ORGANIZED, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF EVERY INGENIOUS STORAGE SOLUTION YOU CAN FIND.

# The Home Office

**Whether you work from home, chances are you've dedicated some space to a home office. That doesn't mean it has to look like an office—your office should be simple and efficient, flexible and warm, but inspiring.** says Penecchia. "Mark Twain worked at his. So did Winston Churchill. Gandhi preferred the floor. You decide what's best for you."

You'll need a desk, so get a real one. No fakery here from an office-supply chain; consider the masculinity of a classic wood design from Thomas Moore—it's laptop desk is new and noteworthy, and computer nerds virtually any desk. The same holds true for file cabinets, shelving, and other storage solutions.

For most indispensable computers, conceal the cords by facing the back end of your equipment against a wall. This will also serve to keep your desk free of clutter so you can easily work.



Once you've mastered the basics, accessories and appointments lend the finishing touches to your personal homestyle. Think of them as a tie or shirt. Experiment with color and texture to express the real you. And while none of this comes cheaply, it needn't cost a princely sum to create a castle worthy of, well, **YOU**—



Claesena Borealis left. The  
rest, clockwise from top:  
Selkirk Chollalessia Hand  
Laguna-area Ironwood  
Mesa Verde Juniper Wood,  
Hopi area; Augrabie Collection;  
Nestuccia B. Jolani; from  
NSC Chapel S. Rose. Pimelodell  
2000 (the last two below)  
Dreyer.

**It's what's inside that counts...**

# **SWEDISH SCIENTISTS GO UNDERCOVER TO CREATE THE WORLD'S BEST BED!**

DEVELOPED FOR NASA...PERFECTED BY TEMPEL-PEDIC...DESIGNED TO FIT YOUR BODY...

**T**royer Peeler's phenomenal *Summer Heat* seems to be changing the way Americans sleep. One month had twelve faxes, three e-mails and one letter on the post-

Other extensions are being made on the website. Demographic and the usual "billions of variables" ARGO CLOUD work as "muscles like springs" to pull away photos from people to your body.

Mr. Proctor's 13% butter short  
The thick pad fits over other methods keeps the  
steer spring ~~solid~~ but creates a harness effect on  
the hindquarters causing pressure points. That's why  
ToughPeds cut soiling and turning by 12%.

**Adjusts to fit you and your spouse.**  
Our exclusive Tempur® material has body mass and temperature memory—adjust to your exact shape in a single touch. The day starts with you! Support, temperature regulation and self-adjusting fit work, pain-free all day.

Works naturally...automatically.

Officially Recognized by NASA

Our tool is living proof of IBM's commitment to new consumer benefiting technologies. Swedish scientists starting where IBM's aerospace research ended, predicted

Our unique patient pending product.

pressed in, so liquid water formed, it uses some  
gram-photos of glucose to give you the energetic "ATP"  
which drives the pump. There are no strings or controls  
adjusted, no levers, motors, or air pumps to break. It  
is working but lie down on it!

The press is giving us rave reviews! TK, radio, magazines, newspapers, medical publications... our high-tech hot air balloon wins acclaim from NBC and ABC America about "Tempo-Plus." We did Lou Dobbs on CNN's Business Channel and CNBC's River Lunch. The Wall Street Journal featured Paul Discovery Channel and others have also featured our breakthrough sleep technology.

Try it at our risk for 90 days!

25,000 doctors & sleep clinics say "Yes!" Our motto live the feeling of **WAKEFULNESS** and the way Tempus Fugit makes other people look problems. Over 25,000 doctors, medical professionals, and sleep clinics throughout our Swedish Sleep System!

Our free DEMONSTRATION KIT is yours for the asking. No obligation of any kind. Just call our helpline below. You'll be glad you did!

Page 10 of 10

*Leucanthemum vulgare*

**Strengthen your  
bottom line**

**TEMPUR PEDIC**  
FREE SAMPLE • FREE VIDEO • FREE INFO  
**1-800-886-6466**

the screen

one that turns up everywhere from cap to Oliver Stone's *Mystic River*—a half-assing, half-calculating sense of gratification as another key to our collective psyche.

Then again, in this country, we often wind up running our corporate overseers like we're their role as the plot in Andrew Bergman's *The Frontiers*, at once revealing our familiarity with the Condeens and subterranean that old loss about what family traits. Just this spring, Robert De Niro, the most iconic movie molester of the past quarter century—Coppola's young *Wise, Leone's tragic *Corporation*, and Scorsese's *After Hours*—tore up his cover legend by appearing in Harold Ramis' hideously enjoyable *Bit by Bit*. This is a cringe-inducing blithering through a middle crisis, with Billy Crystal as the streaked dragonfly who looks strongest.*

You couldn't avoid noticing that De Niro didn't need to play the part all that differently from his various roles to be funny. The joke was simply that this was De Niro, much as, forty years

ago he played our guides around their experience. These prep consciousness makes them all conscious the same way that Bill Clinton, their fellow baby boomer, can't help signaling his own status as being pure JFK. Sure, that's our condition, too, we can identify—not intellectually, as was the case when we got smitten with the *Frontiers*' operatically grandiose vision of the two that bond, but in a more deliciously dithering, because more bumbling spirit of self-recognition. Arriving just when that load of material had reached the stage of besting a dead horse's head, *The Frontiers*—whose state-of-the-art episode two will be rebooted in June, with new episodes due next winter—was the most unexpected act of engagement circa its distorted reflection of American society since the Godfather movies themselves.

In his art pieces, a lot of what director David Chase is up to is that blood-spattered surrealism of *An American Family* has been tried before—or *Franz's Home* or *Mommie Dearest*, and especially in *Grease* Power Blah, the answer but why John Cassavetes wrote that

would be followed by a pack of a father into, he hasn't grasped that you can't do the right thing by blowing away anyone who crosses you.

That's the daring in making him not only a stand-in for demanding, personally dissatisfied American affluence but a sort of lower extremity. You can't sympathize with Tony's forearm pain without becoming complicit in his no less complicitous laziness, which can't be called corruption only because, for him, it's not that way means living up to his ideals, nor degrading them. However, Chase's reengagement of our experiences can look weird. Passional weird, the result of a well-off, added-to-upon whose guy's problems also sympathetic that today's youth-right-minded audience might well have found the results less or incapable of it; it's for the sake that the hero is a crook. It's a way of magnifying common experience by turning it dialectical, thus how the series can make something elemental, instead of comic, out of scenes like the one with Tony taking down the pictures in his mother's house after he's picked

## TV shows can make any world look normal simply by returning us to it week in and week out.

age, his fellow sniffer George Raft goes brought out by driving his mad streak toward the depths of some like it that. Not only that, but if De Niro's characters could be his own versions of what we imagine they had made a choice. By now, wouldn't a sniffer's greatest pride at the thought of coming home as a mafioso be everything, but a comfort? In *Analyst* this, he delights the audience with his consideration relative to Coppola's Godfather-spouting dream: "I was Freud? I don't think so." Once the brilliant consciousness ed in answer to the dreams, we've yet to figure that a growth more intensive possibilities are pretty much expected.

So going see—and talk about—inside-out compassion. By the time *Romeo*'s face melted more serious in March, the TV audience was over-mixed, over-*The Sopranos*, an HBO gangster chronicler that was the clinical couch-top godmother to equally sardonic but much richer offices—and had raised the way the Corleones still fascinates our imagination into a theme by focusing on characters for whom Coppola's (and Scorsese's) movies

were all that was missing.

If the Godfather movies have a major flaw, it's that they短change the Godfathers' womenhood. *The Sopranos* not only had great female as far as holding up the blues as a mirror to our "real" system, but the audience—so done with the comparative, expressive effect that long-form TV is good for. There's one thing TV shows can do that movies and theater can't: They can make any world look normal simply by returning us to it week in and week out.

The soul of the series is lonely, antisocialized James Corden's magnificent performance as Tony Soprano—busty, salacious, backstabbing, father, capo of a New Jersey mob, typically bold and beligerent, forty-something male, and soon a patient on the couch of psychiatrist Jennifer Miller (Lorraine Bracco), and for understanding, but baffled by his need for it, other scenes of primal rituals turn him into a poster boy for Postive. Tony sees himself as a decent guy who tries to do the right thing, and in many ways that's just what he is. Yet he's also hopelessly at odds to the values of the

# POND BOATS

## AMERICA'S CUP POND BOAT

The majesty of the famous 1930's J-boat is classically evoked in our hand-built model. Sleek and strikingly elegant, our replica is 42" high and 38" long, built plank on frame in keeping with the original plans. Bring the history of America's illustrious past into your home with this beautiful historic model.

#H1241 America's Cup Pond Boat \$199.95



## ANTIQUE POND BOAT

Display this antique pond boat prominently to remind yourself and your guests of days on the water—or even a voyage into uncharted territory! Bring America's illustrious past into your home or office with this beautiful historic model. Solid wood hull. 31" L x 29" H x 5.75" W.

#H2474 Antique Pond Boat \$99.95

TO ORDER CALL  
**I-800-666-6421**  
DEPT. EQ 691

Via MasterCard, American Express and Discover cards are accepted. Or send check or money order to:  
**H H H O F F I C I A L**  
P.O. Box 5901, Dept. EQ691, Red Oak, IA 51591-0901.  
Please add \$8.95 for shipping & handling.

the screen

ever had—and others in which she names Tom, a kill in the class of Pepele. When he acts out his sexual frustration by smearing mucus in Mall's face and bellowing that she's a cold girl, she's frightened. It's the moment of her coming out, with "I'm gay" coming very close to equalling "name." But Charlie is too untrained in how complicated people can be to make any one side of them conclusion. When we see Mall with her family and friends, her personality is strikingly different—or, rather, sharp, and slightly grumpy—because the blind spots are instantly at work. Similarly, while Tony's wife, Camelia (Sofia Balen), mostly comes across as a blarney rag in her comes with him, we learn there's more to her than that, with her frenemy priest, Father Phil (Phil Daniels), that hungry virgin in an escape hatch. Merchant's irony serves to make her less cultured, and oblivious to whatever shape she can get at. When she and Tony have a fight, she dashes his lady streak in his face and then throws Father Phil in her bed; before you can state what's hot or not, the paradox of priest and psychiatrist, analysis and therapy—and the equation of both with their heat—are suddenly unavoidable. The season finale gets the bite by having Camelia tell Father Phil, who's a bit of a whineyoldie, that he's been lied to here, you wonder about her come-up, man.

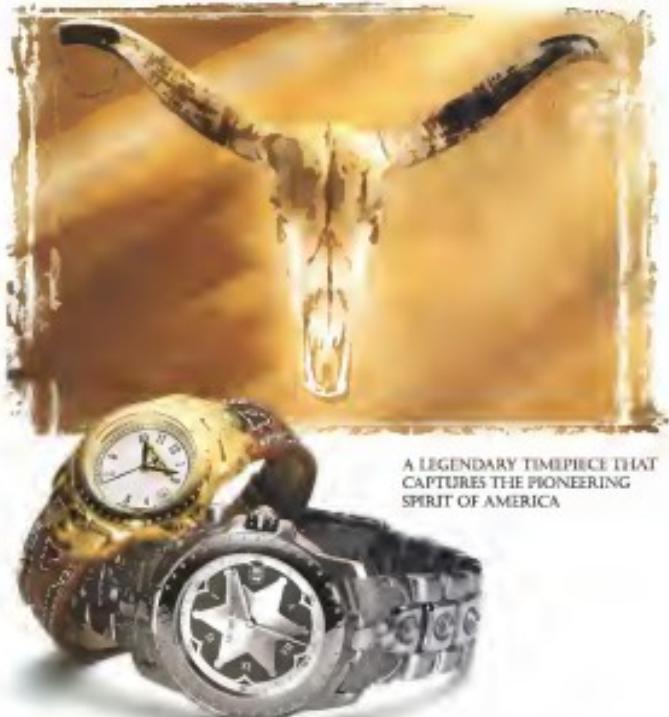
Chase has a gig for conducting community sing-alongs full of anguish, insidious pragmatism. "Do you feel like Frankenstein?" he asks— and the next shot is of Tony's face, blemished with personal blues; he looks as if his daughter's quavering soprano is at a career crisis! Typically, we also know that she's been doing a lot of work through the rehearsals, but Chase lies in character the song along with Tony instead of letting her colleague stage it. In the scene's opening song, he's splashing into his swimming pool to join the wild ducks who've been running there, for a gig like him, responding to name is a sign of breakdown. Several episodes later, after the first murder that we watch him commit—a chose that Tony the hood attempts to "blame" on his dead friend—is showing his daughter around college—he sees a flock of ducks high in the sky. You know that his regimen isn't so much for lost innocence— innocence, perhaps—but for performance. It's like barnyard artifice, performance art.

**songwriter** Dan Bern's great line: No matter how big your balls are, someone will wish you were Tiger Woods.

For all an allusion—opened official  
our attention in the room, the sense  
draws us into seeing them and ways  
for us to rescue what we've lost or  
go for granted. *The Suspense* attempts  
to rescue a social critique, implying that  
the middle-class good life is always  
bought with blood money. It's no great  
inconvenience for the tough guy class,  
either. The granddads in *Tony's* crew  
don't share their sons' names, but, like  
him, they're major sinners living by a  
macho code they do *know* have  
inconsistencies, you might say. But Chaz  
is equally unimpressed in talking about his  
big-audience—where furries may never  
have been presented in such a dramatic  
context. The episode is which his sons'  
troubling recognition of what Dad does  
for a living leads Tony to recall his own  
once 1968 childhood. It's like a sick-pal  
variant on *The Wizard of Oz*, with the  
Newsies now shifted into one corner of a  
memory dimmed by glances at the  
face that Tony can't help revering, even  
though Dad was plainly kinda scary.

# MICHEL JORDI

THE SPIRIT of THE WEST



A LEGENDARY TIMEPIECE THAT  
CAPTURES THE PIONEERING  
SPIRIT OF AMERICA.

AVAILABLE IN 3 SIZES. ON LEATHER STRAP OR METAL BRACELET.

For more information, please call 800-823-8340 or 972-962-0338  
[www.michelinwatch.com](http://www.michelinwatch.com)

the page

By Sven Birkerts

# The Big Nasty

The thrill is gone. Give me back my word.

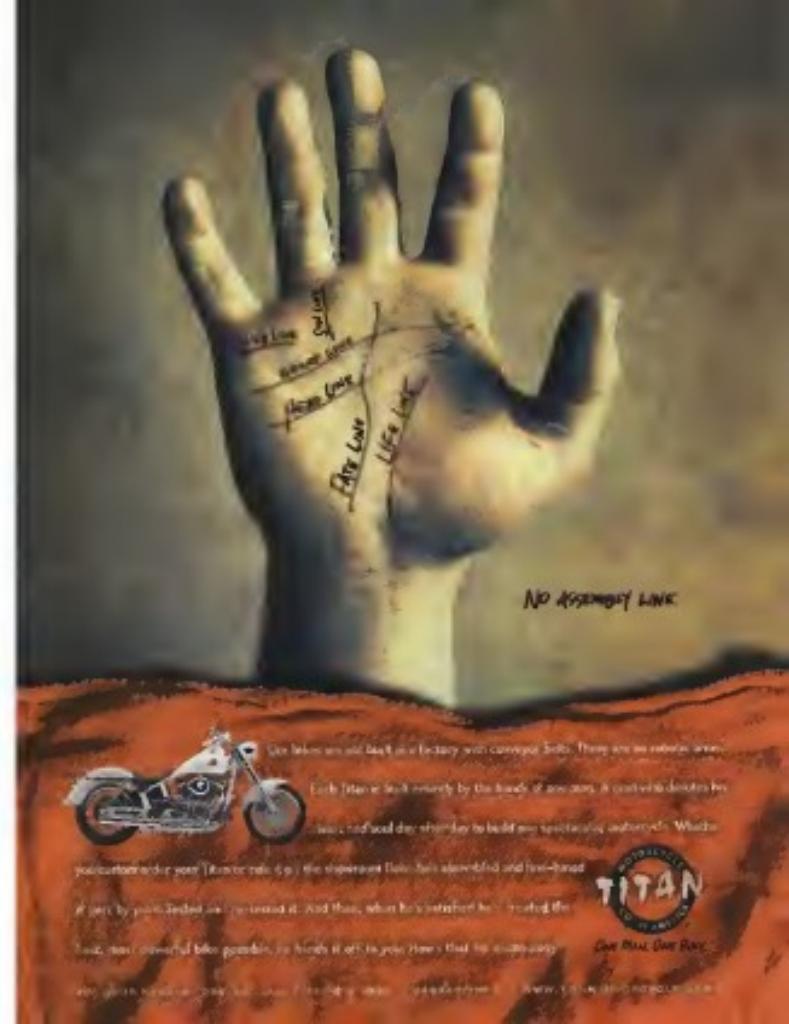
In THE BEGINNING was the word, and the word was the F-word. I used no blasphemy here—any reference is not belied but personal. It is resort to hyperbole; it's an understatement of the importance of the moment. For I can recall it perfectly, four decades later, how that single word fell like a smiting blade between short-pants men-god and the other awareness, which comes too soon and can never be withheld.

We were on a lonely walk, following the path around the family-acre property. I had run on ahead, exploring, riding. I was eight or nine. I raced to a spot by the wall of an old barnhouse and was just crashing my boards when I looked up and beheld it—the word—crayonized heavily across the porch. And I knew I felt a new kind of thickness move through me there, as if self-delusion itself had flushed open its black nostrils. I stared at the letters and staggered. I didn't quite get it, but I had it wrong. Enough to make me hasty angry. I could not let my parents see what I'd just seen.

The F-word, the world obscenity that has never gone away—it lives infestingly on walls, and if you cock an eye on a line score, you will hear it. Dismal. As Ray Blanton Jr. writes, perhaps a bit too playfully: "Sounding like a true



iron cup crew, letting a snarl. Or some one pulling it off. Or putting a face down on a quipster. Or peeling it out. . . . The old is and isn't. Whatever day, I had no idea what it actually meant. I just knew it was bad, knew it had something to do with those malevolent pronouncements I got when I saw certain language sets in the newspaper. This was not enough to go on, granted. But I understood, if obscurely, that this foul letter



Don Ed Hardy's 1991 painting "No Assembly Line," featuring a hand with lines drawn on it, is part of a collection of artworks.

Each Ed Hardy leather jacket is hand-made by the hands of one artist. A custom leather jacket is a hand-made item that may be built over specific clothing items. Whether



you custom leather jacket (motorcycle jacket) the leather jacket has a different look than a standard leather jacket.



TITAN  
LEATHER

ONE REAL ONE REAL



man overboard

By Robert Huber

# The Lies That Bind

MARRIED TO FRIENDS OF ours, thinking about leaving an affair Karen reveals this to us late one night in our kitchen while our son sleeps.

"I think Michael's just bored," she says. "That's all it is, really."

I nervously rub my hands together; tone agreeing for a nice moral dissection of how Michael, who has a nice life, a good marriage, and a four-year-old son, is fucking up big time. "First of all," I begin, "there's no such thing as just sex. And the lying we'd been shown up now is like the doesn't-pay couple."

Karen, fiddling at the sink, trumps. "She doesn't look at it that way."

"Lying is a weapon, even if it's only in Michael's head. You can't hit and just forget about it."

My wife raises, places her bare against the counter, and works a sex bag up and down at a clip. "Huh-huh."

"No, I don't," I smile. "Not to you, anyway."

"You do. You find me sexy."

"That was..." That was a long time ago. For reacquainted Karen's sexual, however, has apparently no Michael. "She simply can't be," I say softly.

Karen takes her tea upstairs.

Five days later—bliss to her Once It didn't work out so hot, a bad night's long time ago that popped up, if I push Karen's buttons, so it were yesterday.

But her quick exit has started open seasons on her past. She's a loose live; she won't do it. Which, as a matter of fact, is why I trust her. She confesses she comes up. It also makes my point about Michael, if Karen had bothered to stick around him.

Why, I wonder from my living room couch in the dark, do I always think

It's the little fibs  
that'll trip  
you up every  
damn time



the nice things about my wife when I'm alone.

WHEN WE WERE first married, Karen was going to school at San Francisco State and swimming at Larry Bahr's, a Berkeley blues bar where Robert Cray

got his start. On a lot of those nights, I headed to the bar down the block from our apartment, a place with weird piano tunes and crooners and a piano and a lot of leverage and banished I-punk. I'd take a book like Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn*, drink a few glasses of wine,

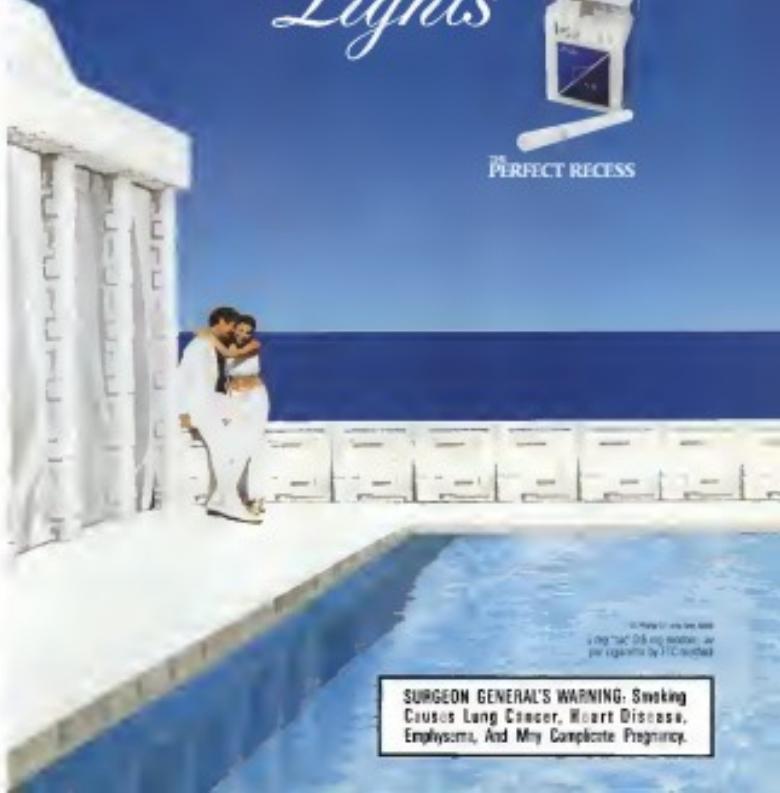
MARK STETSON

# PARLIAMENT

## Lights



THE PERFECT RECESS



© Philip Morris Inc. 1998  
A 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av.  
per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



# Say Hello to My Little Friend

Just because it's the part of you that goes forth first into the world does not mean that you must always follow

IT WOULD BE EXCITING if, in writing about the most openly celebrated and reviled body part, I could share a few myths and cross a few others, but we all know already that it is the center of so much of the world's mythologies, the source of all desire and sexual狂想曲, the focus and mirror of all yearning, in fact the basis of capitalism (in which it gave rise to and every economic economy), the source and backbone of every rock group and every musical chord, the reason of planet Earth in this solar system, the hinge that opens the door to understanding, the axle in the big wheel of desire and regret, the bolt that keeps the door to understanding firmly sealed, the first visual pillar of society, and the low-level drudge of the ancient condemned on the lock to heaven, so I am going to have to settle for a few minor morsels about the penis, which, like nuclear power, has been

SAM WATSON



# the lives of men

best described as our kind's most pleasant and free.

## MARVIN'S QUESTIONS

The relationship between a man and his partner grows in never stages; there are always elements of surprise, mystery, and open conflict in the mix. For years, of course, having a penis is an absolute *non sequitur*. You grow up, you share great years of simple and efficient water work out of the things, and the lesson it has for boys is clear: Power that thing out there. It does not regard size, appearance, magnificence, or introspection in any other form of spectator. That's when it's necessary to know about the way men are treated. They are not presented in second thoughts. You're ten years old, being in a flesh during a rough game of tag, and you have to pose, so you wrap those quickly as the kid who is approaching. Get it over with, because you're going to have to run for your life in ten seconds. It's when you do.

Then it starts to get interesting. In the spring of sixth grade, the girls at Edens Elementary are all called into the math room to see a film with their mothers.

## We've been told over and over, day and night, all our lives, to keep our hands to ourselves, and now, suddenly, that seems like an excellent idea.

The boys are kept in Mr. Durrant's room and not said one word about the whole deal, except it's clear from the looks on everyone's faces that the world as we know it is coming to an end. And they know it well, have assumed this world—in fact, we like it, love it, really, and it even. They are comprehending it. Nothing will ever be the same. This moment is the moment that will give all future conspiracy theorists a chance. Something's going on.

Mr. Durrant sat with the sixth grade boys in his classroom. He have a talk in which he delves all our questions with phrases full of "opposite" and "counterary." He shoves around a few mystery words, among them: *prostheses*. I sit there in the blind afternoons light of Mr. Durrant's classroom and wait for the bell to ring.

At the sound of Concord Stool she asked, Marvin Hillar stops me. "Hey, Rattus," he says. "What's going on?" I tell him I don't know. Behind him I can see all the girls and their mothers drifting out of the school in pairs toward their cars

They all look down, serious and brave, as if burdened with some new grief. They walk away as if from a war-festival.

Marvin Hillar's face has a look. We never saw before, the kind of weary that will engender and fill volumes of self-help books for the next fifty years, and he says, "I heard Mr. Durrant say 'penis'—How many you got? Because I just got the one." And for a real moment there, on a corner chair in an odd place for me to sit in my memory, I was, for the last image of worry. It didn't fit me sometimes. What all the mechanics speak so louder than anything is the sense of deficiency that this aphrodisiac creates in the hearts of men.

I've heard it called Little David, Dick,

Past, and Johnny, as well as, mem-

ber, thing, and, of course, things. If we were really looking at the penis, as form and function in the body, a might more often be called Cle or Fal, because that is it, standing at the crossroads of the body politic, in the center of town, where all roads converge, stopping traffic and waving its flag, and when it stands, the sort of post quiet little town. Your body may have had perfectly logical and well-maintained plans for the day, and now there's this agreeing, and now back on the wrong side of

quiescent and commanding differences between single and maleable-oddish words, and, as no one will tell you, these are names when it has more than one syllable. There are names that accurately describe it as a goody and brings pride and those that make it seem like an uncontrollable and savage weapon. There are permanent, individual names, people's names. What all the mechanics speak so louder than anything is the sense of deficiency that this aphrodisiac creates in the hearts of men.

I've heard it called Little David, Dick, Past, and Johnny, as well as, mem-

ber, thing, and, of course, things. If we were really looking at the penis, as form and function in the body, a might more often be called Cle or Fal, because that is it, standing at the crossroads of the body politic, in the center of town, where all roads converge, stopping traffic and waving its flag, and when it stands, the sort of post quiet little town.

Your body may have had perfectly logical and well-maintained plans for

the day, and now there's this agreeing, and now back on the wrong side of

## THE SECOND PURPOSE

Then the rest of the news disclosed. The spring of sixth grade, the girls at Edens Elementary are all called into the math room to see a film with their mothers.



GATTACA SIGHTWARE

FREE!

(Postage &  
Handling Extra)

This is a simple staff

Our advertising agency

has recommended that

we provide FREE

GATTACA Sightware

"Future Perfect"

sunglasses to readers

of select high-end

magazines

The technique will

help create instant

national awareness and

wide support for our

catalog and retail store

openings. Orders are

mailed within 24 hours

This is a limited time

promotional offer.

Expires, 07-31-99



GATTACA  
Future  
perfect



## the lives of men

life where your cells are sometimes, and expand, with growth, and shrink—though you never know like anyone. And you wake up having consumed something. Evidently, Little Willy has decided to act on your behalf, and he and his wife have been gone over and over in the night. You sit on the edge of the bed and check out all the little nests, viscous and coiling and darting, and then the dream erupts through the mist. You are running on Veronica Lofstrom, spending no her beautiful face—a girl who has their desks filled of pens and one over in small studies, a girl so ideal you've never spoken to her in person or reached her hand (or made eye contact) when she passed back the spelling test—and in the dream you are trying to keep up with how you caused the handbreak on your bicycled and pointed it yourself, speaking until close to her face, in fact, in close that your arms are around her and you can feel the warmth of her breasts and feel the pressure of them, their very curves against you, curves you've only seen in art and against the judge of her old school desk, and then your hands are in her

now, finally that serve her a good idea. For the moment, which is exactly the condition of every last part of manhood, it is a remarkable accuracy, so clever and commanding, with such clear results!

I remember hearing first, stumbled across that morning, and being certain in my guilty heart that I had dreamed something else. My junior high school was playing a Saturday-morning game at the National Guard armory on Susquehanna Avenue, and I have a vivid recollection of the couple dozen people in the big, cold, empty room, parents and siblings and coaches and the two pale, skinny teens—I was worried about them all as I can the handwood floors. The rule had been for me the rule before, and had long since found its release zone of sixteen thousand square miles that did not too exuberantly, and I like—it's twelve years old, in the seventh grade—that if I could find a way to tell them all about this thing that was happening now, which had already created, then, too, could have knowledge. It was a burden. I knew that for class or four weeks that strange year, I was the lamest, most pitiful person on the round world.

## Viagra and all its stimulating cousins are fine, but their availability should be based on doctors' orders, a waiting period, and a background check.

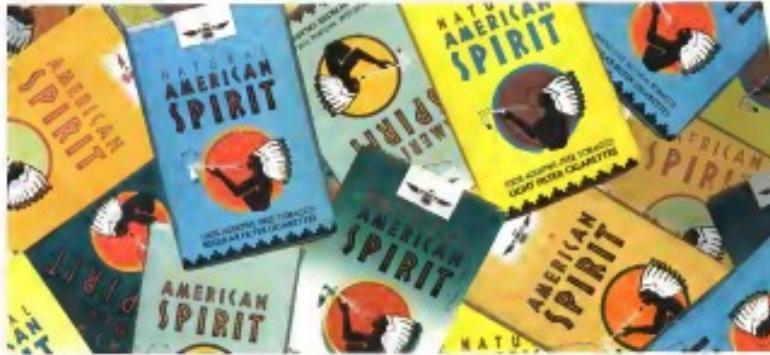
body problems, on her headship, pulling her without compensation or warranty directly against the place where Edsel stands, bracing, waving his fist and shouting his raw and inflationary exhaustions, consciousness rising and for all the revolution. Oh course, the moment comes, and there's an explosion.

### LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

About this same time in a post-war marriage, the location of the male appendage becomes a source of concern and anguish. It's right there within easy reach, an immensely design advantage. If it were closer to the lower, more comfortable might be a bit of a challenge, but that's not true. In case passing men are slow to catch on, the penis is just right in front of everything, and when the hand lies at arm's length, the fingers naturally curl, and it is the length of arm and curve of hand that helps insure not just nerves perfectly and helps every man had his little resolution.

We've been told step and right for years to keep our hands to ourselves, and

then four of the seven continents, in a wonder that hardly reflects the other side of the phenomenon. But we mature through the regular days of regular pangs, those summers, hours, days, weeks, and months that make up the 99 percent of our lives when the rate of sex subsides and the mind has cleared and the cause has gone to other houses or work and we're walking around sort of but small Star masters move frequently to every man's chest that pens can sketch, object, do everything but disappear and joyous like the head of the sage—red, long, lard—truth. We're not talking about him but smaller. This isn't bread, another word that has been muchly appropriated for the male organ. This is much lighter than that. The strokes go north, and the penis burns itself again against the abdomen. It wants one thing now, to be out of the way. This is a fabulously dangerous, but one that men are quick to note if it lasts. It becomes effective and necessary when we run a marathon, ride a horse, sprint across a tennis court to slice a backhanded winner, change a tire, or perfectly well in that chair on the back's office



FIND OUT  
WHY

going over our expense accounts with the boss himself and the comptroller, or wake suddenly to the ringing phone at quarter past three in the morning. "We are not, however, going to read a score in which a man contributes from small his little penis was able to locate it at a moment when he needed it to be tiny, just red raw." "I was so small, man, it was amazing!"

### BALLS

There's an obligatory moment in every romance story when the good guy leads the bad guy in the pants, it's a square that has the bad guy doubled up in a second, both hands capped over what we secretly call the family jewels. He can't breathe. He gets to know. He goes down. It's a kind of coup de grace in serial film fiction and, I, for one, have seen enough of it. The muscles, part of the plural of penises, have a rare-power design, as the scrotum is exaggerated to hold tight right or let them loose. When someone actually looks you in the balls, as the scrotum are called from here to Provo,

The tobacco used in Natural American Spirit® Cigarettes

is whole leaf natural tobacco, containing no additives, reconstructed dried tobacco, or stems from the tobacco plant.

To our knowledge there is no research indicating elements containing additive-free tobacco are safer than cigarettes with tobacco containing additives.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**

America's Best Cigarette.<sup>™</sup>

1-800-332-5595 ext. 6328



Look for specially marked packs this summer!

## FOREST GLEN.

Answers your Questions  
about Barrel Fermentation

### Q Are all chardonnays barrel-fermented?

A NO. Many chardonnays are fermented in stainless steel tanks. Pressuring is oak barrels is now considered labor intensive and costly. Only a few usually expensive "chardonnays" are 100% barrel-fermented.

### Q What's wrong with fermentation in stainless steel?

A. Nothing. If the winemaker wants to move as much of the simple fruit flavor as possible, barrel fermentation adds complexity. Think of it as the difference between biting into an apple and biting into a slice of soft apple pie.

### Q Doesn't aging in oak barrels affect fermentation add the same complexity?

A. Not really. Fermentation helps extract a variety of flavors from the barrel. The body, receptor into the nose. Aging is used also to stabilize and firm up the wine, does add a layer of oak flavor and complexity.

### Q What does barrel fermentation contribute to the wine?

A. The wood adds a nutty oak bouquet and a spicy vanilla flavor. Additional techniques improve its buttery taste and a creamy texture.

### Q What is the Forest Glen style?

A. A balanced wine with both vegetal chardonnay flavor, creamy oak, buttery flavor, creamy texture, a touch of spice & complexity, but very drinkable wine.



FOR A FREE TASTING  
CALL 1-800-691-2768

## the lives of men

most often—but not always—they slide off the floor with the stone mallet that makes holding an apple a virtual sport. In my neighborhood, we walk the top line of steel barrels, and I become a champion at it, able to eightsome along for a hundred yards. There was no one near surprised than I when my team then slipped one day and I fell to a sharp stopfall on the steel bar. My boulders face, my Thompson's pants, the grape, the fall, but not this day. My studies continue, moving from contact with the steel, core softly up and let my horizon take the blow, and I discovered success and, after a moment's inspection, with a smile.

I wasn't always so lucky. I took a couple of downfalls. The first was at the baseball box where I was bunting, during an otherwise league baseball game. Every pitcher knows that the way to beat a batter is to knock the ball the way he hits it, namely in the chest. Instead, I did. You know the basic self-consciously neat back into it. I didn't know why she had wanted to bat me, but I knew he did, for he threw a sidearm fastball behind me, and I started to fall for the half second I had and took the pitch on solidly in the left as a tiny blow. I've over come that. On the ground a man stared. I sat up and waited. The pain took such an over-the-top ending, a sharp non-control headache in the abdomen, just below the navel in this, when the first wave hit, you know it'll be the last wave, rolling steadily that stuck around a kind of crescendo and then only gradually subside. That day, I was a man losing up to my coulds. I lay there, face buried in my hands, unable to move, unable steadily to take a breath, a moment later they'd carried the sick. I stood in the outside, and the sound of pain continued, huge and regular, and then in the sun, I sweated, crashing into the grass, already wet from sweat in my life. Center field was lush and green and probably the best place a boy could choose to go over like a deer.

### THE REAL GIRL

For every boy, there are two girls: the one you know partly well because she is featured in your fantasies, and though you know her only in photographs, that is some point or expression that has become for you a sweet, single token for desire. Your wild frat parties—peels on, cruffy—and with a little more participation and the right speed in Playboy, he speaks his piece. This is just physical.

The other girl is something else, the other girl is a real girl, and the combination the quantity that is at the center of so much of our literature. She complicates everything wonderfully with a notion we sometimes call love. When I was seventeen, I sat in the window-walls of Mexican restaurants in deep downtown Salt Lake City with such a girl. This was next Exchange Plaza, in the shadows of the old office buildings, their gray facades remote and metropolitan in a city with so few glimpses of action now; the restaurant has been gone so long now that it feels like something I'm making up, which I am not, but that is how it feels to them now, that she was simply a girl arranged so we could transmogrify the ordinary comforts of a school day. There was honestly a red-cheeked innocence, and we sat there like what we were, that is, putting people about to share the world. It went like being lost in one tiny flat room, and I found her mother and her auburn hair, and I find a faint sense even then that I was in, for this was it for me. I'd seen her this all down because there I was with a mother—she the saying goes—at the opposite end, thirty minutes away from bringing any sex into the equation, and when we did begin the exploration and education of sex, there was my old friend, the penis, his shape very different for at least. He wasn't the first guy through the door I saw first, and he reflected. It makes sense to remember in this way. First he had his way with me. First time in time and again again in the cold moment, but once he began playing only a supporting role. Twice in time, and would'n't get out. I was happy. For all of us, those thirty years since, a lot been my life. The lesson ends here. The older lesson. You think you know the penis and pleasure of living in a body, and then he begins biting everything and then decides that again. The penis makes time at last.

After having been pushed and pulled and torn in twain at once—first in the arms of my heart, people running in panic through the alleysways, breaking glass, shattering silence—suddenly there was quiet, and the stillnesses come on and people come to their porches to listen for music, which also none, and the revolution had done its work, found in reason. Impulsive advances had been formed, and in the new, vigorous press, there was a discussion, a blizzard of new proportion, and then dissolving.

FOREST GLEN WINERY, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



there are so many important milestones. Nobody could enough sugar to keep them or to take them to the first place, and so there are 30 pictures of Mike Tyson smiling without teeth, or sleeping in a crib, or being held aloft in the arms of his father again, some when lots of sunlight, no picture of Mike Tyson's first step, or his first day of school, no way of knowing whether Mike Tyson was a wise infant, a cute toddler, or even a tiny little boy. He is around twelve years old by the time of his first known photograph, and because no picture of him exist before that one, we'd almost as though he didn't, either, until the fine chick of the shaver realized how amaze hung, and he was born, on film, fully

Esquire

## THE FATHER'S KISS

If Mike Tyson gets yet another chance at redemption, it will come from family home.

and the chicken dance by Tom Junod • Photographs: Gregory Halpern

formed, already floral; already wistful, already strong, already loose, already scared, already heartbroken, already fragile, already violent, already so terrible, and already crippled, thirty-eight years between the ages of ten and thirteen, and delivered to the limits of the law.

He'd liked any, anything, another story, an ongoing story, especially discontinued. There are lots of bad photos of Mike Tyson's children. They exist as snapshots, in videos, in studio portraits, in letters on the wall, in all kinds of cameras and cameras and televisions, in many albums and photo corners everywhere that Tyson's wife, the Monica Turner Tyson, keeps them at home, unposed. He's obviously a record, and to this reveal everything is where it should be back at the beginning, to apply and renew and renew joy, without party hats, pom poms, and the unusual performances of children who have been given no reason not to prove. Candlesticks, cutlery, chairs. The photographs go from one documented, mandatory celebration in the set, featuring Mike and Gina and then Rayna and Aron and then Tyson himself, peering from the edge of the frame. He figures in most of the snap photographs of his children, and if, in most of them, he seems as happy as he could

possibly look both legs and shoulders. He has an animal awareness of everyone who walks through the door, the way he's a naturalist, and he looks like an infant human being on that scale.

Then he sits on a flimsy, minuscule conference table and leads out his arms in accept from Monica the gift of time. Aron lies out stretching, and with legs hanging over the leather chair it's father's chair, he looks as preened as a fallen star. He is one and a half years old, a beautiful boy, already developing within the thick template of his father's, his four week, his eyebrows long and dark, his head full of soft black hair. Tyson looks, he is still, at first, at his oldest son in his chair, his hands held up in a series of six, his children—now three, four, nearly even six months ago. Then he brings his arms up over his head in a stretch and extends his lips to nose. Aron is on the sofa. He kisses his son as though to come home or to smell him, as though to make sure that he keeps on smiling and reaching him like leaves. Aron is not smiling, but his eyes are wide with delight, or with Monica, and the place where he is lying does not feel like Aron's or like children at all. It's still like home. It smells like sweet, like sun, like life, the sun, policy seeds of sleep prime, leisurely applied, like fresh food. You never

forget, Mommy," he whispers brightly at the begin to sing again "Old MacDonald had a farm..."

"She's our little actress," Monica says, replacing to stare the obvious, that Rayna is also the Tyson family's little barn and little character, who has already shown a few times she can cross and who he is learned or better than me. "It's called a pony." She is simple and peasant and soft voiced and barefoot and bony. She is steady and strong, and mulish, it is showing how much she favors her father—showing not because the essentials Mike Tyson has rather because it is hard to imagine anyone who looks so much like Mike Tyson looking so happy, so free, so...spared. From the moment he began making his name in fighting, Tyson has fascinated in a certain redemptive bonhomie, the brotherhood combining himself first by snapping the wristwatch of the essential Ed Zwick, then by reading Tolstoy and Marx and Hemingway in prison while serving year for rape—and each time the history has been fractured, the fictions have responded by delecting him for only his pluckiness, an integrity we are histories of all. He has always been the central character in someone else's storybook now, in the book of his children,

even when and were nearly black, and, with a gurgle and a short and a spurt of tears, he stretches his arms toward the arms of his mother. She takes him and he stops crying. She is an intensely capable woman, Monica Turner Tyson, with a narrow, high-spirited face, a cascade of long, heavy black hair, unsmiling brown eyes, and whitewash calves sloshing through big black stockings. "Something for the red leg," she says, and when someone does, something, she reaches over the red leg for a stick of shade. By this time, however, Aron is less interested in eating another in a peach, one of the photographer's bright, high, imperious cuts of prime, he takes for a trumpet, and as Monica takes the scissors and begins cutting them, over by one, holding his legs crossed behind his back, he has taken his own, with a blend of offhand hunger and an air of gentle presence and resignation. He never gets up from the table, never tries to take Aron from Monica, unless Monica tries to give him Aron, as every day does, more and again, when Aron is sitting breathless and going back to passing the light.

His son doesn't come to him again. Monica puts a plastic slice of McDonald's bacon, his breakfast sandwich and the boy's mouth goes searching, for sweetness. Aron climbs into his father's lap, and Tyson

## HE'S NOT PERFECT," MONICA TURNER TYSON SAYS OF

our he, he also seems slightly pasted, so though lighting some thing out—so though the glimpse those pictures of a living of both his kids and of himself, is the closest he will ever come to a glimpse of who he was, and might have been, before the first blow.

**MONICA TURNER TYSON** is holding the sleeping child or her arms. The bedpost is round, a blue man named Cornelius Tyson is third, and he comes along, as evenly and as cheerfully—as his presence in the room, when it finally regains, seems to do—and almost exactly. He is dressed around his box, his high-wire striped shirt or a cigar whisper, and the noise in the room dampens around him, and, for a moment, the only things within earshot are those things that are never out of earshot in a place like this—the walls of keys that never stop jangling off the beds of the unbroken men who stand outside in the hallway, and the heavy doors that never stop opening and closing, driven by machines, in that the hallway hums with pressure, determined thunder, punctuated by thudding metal banging against metal.

The room is small, the window there is a bottomless, and oblong, instead of square, but the way Tyson occupies it is reminiscent of the way he has always occupied the ring before a fight. He has always had a deep faith in his own fighting. He has always seemed haunted into the ring or his way to it, and, once inside the ropes, he has always seemed to accept his sentence there not as it comes but as an inevitable, as though for him, and more for his opponent, that was never real possibility of escape. He is a naturalist, too, like his dad, this or that observation, and even worse, in this room, there is something almost sacrificial about him, a hunting of them or other aged and extremely delicate. He looks like an old oil in the way, say, skipping marbles look old, really old, ancient, when the embodiment of some force or principle that predators the existence of everyone else in the world and will certainly outlast him. He has already, his bulish eyes and small, tattered ears, started, in noise, of the judge, with faintness. His head is enormous, arched at the brow and slightly pointed at the corner. He is wearing clothes that seem inappropriate to his present circumstances—an open sweater that, besides Gucci knit, and a pair of pale yellow polo pants, is a windbreaker pattern, that accentuate the absurdity of his

front lenses by son again and again, and the boy's coat disappears and ends with sweat. The door of the room is still open to the hallway, and it was in a dark green armchair, swiveling forward with the perpetually proud, alert or the posture of someone more, say, soprano kind, while someone in a blue uniform probe his ear in knowing. Tyson doesn't look at them, his eyes are closed, as if to insinuate to his son's. The door shuts, and the photographer begins shooting, his lens whirring, his flashes crackling, blinks of light. "Is it getting heavy?" he asks. Tyson turns a while. "He weighs a ton," Tyson says with an almost apologetic smile, and holds the tiny clasps of this presence so it does not so remove, so extract and consume, that it might seem as if he had to travel some great distance to get here, to this simple human garment of having his son. But what makes the gesture to have stopping—so worthy of hope and dread and awe—so the fact that he has not traveled far. The brother made Tyson the most deadly soldiers, of any of any great fighters in the very same house that chose to encompass, against Arctic the moon that once once became. His childhood in the very same house that applies itself to Aron's neck, the very same warmth that—Ar on the floor in weight on the table and like the little boy is through offering her for consecration—open to allow the glow of twin gold neck and twine their twin words.

"My son."

**WHAT'S YOUR DAUGHTER'S NAME?** Monica Turner Tyson asks her daughter.

"Rayna."

"What's her last name?" Monica asks.

"Turner."

Rayna is three years old and is sitting on the white stool of a white piano in the living room of her house, preparing to play an other round of "Old MacDonald." She has gone through papa and uncle and now is trying to problem the piano, the fact that on this farm Old MacDonald had a pony. She bangs the piano hard, hitting whatever keys are available, and then bows the song at the top of her lungs, until her mother tells her to play the piano with one finger and at one time softly, whatever she happens to whisper again, again, lifting her shoulder to her ear, in punctuation of whatever sounding around, trying not to get caught. "You're

## HER HUSBAND. "BUT NOBODY IS. HE'S PERFECT FOR US."

he has finally found a redemption story all his own, a story of his own lifting, so that now Rayna seems not just breaking his hand at his own extraneous resolution, but just perpetuating and sending his legacy. "She just carries him," Monica says, and, smiling but first, doesn't look at a boy, open house draped with sunlight, as if out of her sunning Little Caesar and finding out that instead of dying at the mat, Edward G. Robinson takes Shirley Temple.

Does Rayna know about her father? Does she know that he is not sick but because he beat up two men after a ladder break and thus violated the norms of his parish? It is to ask and to say, because her mother won't—because her mother won't continue telling the simple story of redemption through the love of family that she has said that this song, the one you're reading, retains from immuring, when, for the new song, he had learned to bring. From the start, Monica has deserved herself of guarding both her biological and adopted from the relatives that might happen again, about the house she made, and, as a result, the house she has made belongs wholly to her children and to a childlike sense of love of husband—but belongs to his innocence, and on that day, because Aron is taking a nap upstairs, it belongs to Rayna. This fragment with her, with the perfume of baby powder and baby shampoo and this in clean in rare, and in action with the sound of her manicured whispers.

"I have a secret," she murmurs her winter, in the least confidential whisper in the room.

"You do?"

"Yes," she says, making a face and glancing from side to side, to reinforce the notion that she is engaging an privileged confessional. "Aren't I cute?"

"Hm hm."

"Yes. I like him as my son."

"Have you said what your dad is in jail first?" Monica asks.

"I told him nothing. And no looking. And nothing. And no playing with the TV. So far he is on the air."

"You don't have any kids, do you?" the young asks.

"No," Rayna Tyson says. "I'm a big girl mom."

**AMERICAN DAD WITH HIS FATHER'S MOUTH PRACTICING** a gauntlet, in a room full of strangers, and he is surprised that it takes him a second to remember my. Then the second passes, and he knows

begin feeling his pulses of candy, etc., by his, from the judgment cap of his lung. The rest of his body is a fist, but his fingers are strongly elegant, to the point of looking almost manicured, and as they climb to his son's lip, Aron smiles for the first time this morning, and the photographer, sitting his instant, says, "Cheese." Aron opens his mouth to wide his smile, and now the room erupts in a cacophony of motivation and encouragement, the photographer saying cheese, Monica saying cheese, the balding Cornelius saying cheese, and Tyson saying cheese—everyone saying cheese except Aron, who only has a smile, with his pinking black eyes, to get everyone to man saying cheese all over again, and the jealousy has less and less effect and at this point slightly disappears. Aron begins to giggle, reaching for his mother, but Tyson keeps it in, he keeps saying cheese and he grows, and his lips open upon his great accusation, and the ridge of his nose grows ratty, and a sort of dimpled wrinkles anger his brow, and a sort of muscle crinkles in his cheek, and his great, clicking, manicure sense becomes red and, and he turns to the photographer and says, seriously, softly, with his son wedged in it between, "I think it's over." He looks older than ever now, and when Aron goes back to his mother, Tyson reaches for the red bag and takes a Ziploc bag of Doritos. He doesn't bother when he did in the kitchen, waiting his son with orange ensemble, and in his room, the room quietens down, and he carries Aron toward his. "I am of pure Doritos," he says to his son confidentially, mother of family, and then leans over and tries to kiss him as he did before. Aron flushed slightly and pulls away. "The last time," Tyson says, first as an appeal, then lightly, almost obliquely, without irony or concern. "The year daddy," he says again, but then out through his eyes Aron goes closer to his lip, and soon Aron begins to cry, rubbing his eyes with his fist, "He's so hard," Monica says, and those same stories in the moments of great and confusion and maybe concern as all children and all childhoods. He looks at his father, and his father looks at him, and he says, to his father and to the room again, "I cry, I cry, I cry, I cry," but when Rayna attempts to kiss him, he moves his head away one more time, barely powerful to change his course or to stop when he already started.

**MONICA TURNER IS NOT IN JAIL IN THE PHOTO** Monica tells, sitting on the white piano stool once Rayna has gone (continued on page 104)

# Joe DiMaggio Would Appreciate It Very Much If You'd Leave Him the Hell Alone

AS HIS LEGENDARY OLD MAN LAY DYING IN FLORIDA, JOE JR. HUDDLED IN HIS TRAILER A CONTINENT AWAY.

Joe has the blues down here in a Florida trailer big with lots, where his usually dead-bead-in Grizzly Bay life goes, except for DiMaggio's rounds—no body but just the man—yidding of gulls. It's the edge of spring now—the northern California light is still over the chaparral mardi warm. In the other direction, a few miles south beyond the luxuriant sprawl at Big Point, the Double Decker Inn are as sole as church pews at a cemetary, and now they're sprouting a pretty grass tuft'll brown out in summer's heat—nor does Joey barbers no look. Mid-march on a March Sunday, he's huddled up, rocking down an Old Gold joint.

An American crewman from the truck brawlers, Mike's in board used plywood fence and the boy, heading west, bound for Oklahoma, then the city, Joey cracks another

Old Gold, still has half a cartful pack in his bag. His and Andie par a new power window motor in the '57 Coupe DeVille they bought to info's nere, were three they thought it'd be, a blue Illinois black, minus a ghee blue. Fucking cold this morning over at Rosewood—Mike's polyked—down in the trailer. Joey lets down, pulls a blanket up. He hates the cold, says his boss. Hell in liver with that Candy—maybe he should keep it. Crammed around in a four old Coupe DeVille. Joey sniffs off in hollering his beer.

A knock. Groggy, worn. Mike shoves knuckles and then comes in to. Another knock. Joey doesn't move. A third. Then—nothing, runs the gulls. Joey relaxes. But suddenly a presence, a shift in light—Fader's got his face pressed to the window. Then he's gone. But this is trouble. Joey

downs his warm Old Gold. The sun out there is prime strength. He goes under the blankets and goes back to sleep.

Lore, daylight fading, Mike helps him roll off the Old Golds. Joey says, "Why now? Why are they fucking with me after fifteen years?"

"I don't know, Joe Joe."

Just he knows, and so does Joey, who's come, howling forever. The old man is dying. They were the first. They want to know why he's lost in a statue, why he doesn't work outside at Mike's polyked—fucking field day sheets—by hell he's been living this way for better than a decade, why he's not in Florida with the old men.

Joey needs to go to the hospital so he can load his ashtray; stress kicks up his asthma. When he and Mike walk out to

By Robert Huber



Maka's pickup, the guy's writing chart in the shadow. But Joey is ready. "I know who you are." He bounces lightly on the ballfield his feet—now bare soft, thin, dry writing for him. "I live this way because I want to."

They go to the hospital, Joey gets his medicine. Then he wants to get a post-Maka ride home to Puerto Rico. Joey wants to go it on go-it-it's-like being around strangers. They escape ten miles down the freeway to Maricao, it's where his grandfather George once overflew during World War II, a future saving the wings of America. It's where his father was born in 1934. It's where Joey ended up when he left school.

Joey hooked up with Mike, who owns two pink yards, a few months ago. Mike's grandfather was a DJ manager, and Joey has worked for him off and on over the years. He's landed on to something good, ending up the RV on Mike's side for next to a trash truck and old mattresses and rotting, faded-up lawn chairs—Mike's idea of lawn ornaments—leaving Mike up for dinner at twenty-dollar restaurants.

He asks: Mike, the other day why he was getting the little lingerie on back. "I'm training it for you, Joey," Mike says. "You'll like it."

"No," Joey says. "It's too big for me."

Mike just shook his head—it's the way at a one-car garage. He'll keep trying.

They eat their meal at the marina at Maricao, watching pelicans pull hearts out of the water. A thirty-second with a primal glisten in coastal rooms like a widow's walk, real like, like misery. They sit silently. The day's last light makes iron bones out of low clouds.

Joey's next edge: paid. Mike looks past him, to a pretty-newish ChaceCraft motorboat with peeling paint, up on stilts in the "Jettie," Joe's, and is going to Joe DiMaggio in Yankee Stadium in 1949, along with a Coal lac, a Budgie for his mother, two TVs, grocery, money, other stuff. The boat was renamed by the city of Maricao and renamed in '94, Joe D. couldn't make the unveiling.

Joey doesn't give it so much as a glint. That day in Yankee Stadium in '94, when his father was lead-like a king, Joey was seven years old, and all he got from never-thousand-tuning people was a set of cheap rosaries.

Now they want something freakish—they're passing in. They're going to make why Joe Jr., fifty-seven years old, the dying Joey's Joe's only kid, is a bum.

Joe's mother, a shoveler who wanted to be an actress, bought a living burial. When Joey was two, Dorothy Arnold reached into casket with him to get more child support out of his father, whose the dad deserved eight years earlier because he was still dead when his dad was born. She was still a virgin. Now Dorothy was in the picture. They were taking Joey on some of their dates. So she wanted more money.

The judge dismissed Dorothy, informing her that she'd made a mistake divorcing Joe DiMaggio in the first place.

She moved from New York to L.A., just Joey into Black Fox Military Institute, a fancy damping ground for the kids of Hollywood's sex-fancy famous like Dorothy Lamour and



## Joe Jr. spent a year at Yale, and one of his former roommates recalls, "He was a very bright guy, very quick. He was one of us."

ball player or maybe a weight lifter or tailor or biker. He was just generally poor."

Joey and his mother started playing golf with a Black Fox teacher, a scratch golfer. Dorothy—so beautiful, and such a good mother, with a twang, so beautiful she could have been a pro! She got pretty good. Not as good as his mother, though.

Burbs couldn't compete against Joe's father, living up in San Francisco with Marilyn. It's hard for anybody in due time to put why DeMaggio was such a huge deal post-baseball; he was an amateur-policing confectioner salesman, a money guy in former-prettier shirts which once panted on a fifty-one-game cuff and then smothered, hence four and all, for the blood. DeMaggio was once a prep school grad. There's a striking stat in that two-month run of 223 at bats in '48: He struck out only seven times. Seven! That's why old timers still go on about Joe DiMaggio—he pulled that engine, he commented, when he flew over that year outside to Yankee Stadium, he ought to. And he had the class to keep his mouth shut.

When Joey and Marilyn would go down in L.A. at the outfit stores, he was done playing baseball, and she was still the wife of Goodwin Preyer, blonde and blue in Marilyn's Hollywood. But Joe was still the bigger attraction.

Still, winter, that is, Joey would get a little nervous when his father was coming to town. Every few months, Georgia and Joey would pick up Joe and Marilyn at L.A. Airport in a limo and take them to the Beverly Hills Hotel. For DeMaggio was a god—the god shining light, Milner says. "And any time Joey was around him, he was invisible."

Georgia and Joey and Dorothy and a female friend would sometimes drive down to L.A. for the night, just a couple months. Dorothy knew people there. She'd go out with her friends, have a few drinks, return a little food, a little drink.

Joey's mother was embarrassing. She couldn't touch her father, who he was. But another could. Joey

Joey popped up at a Greenwichville back room in Jersey. He was a locker on the football team, his father, who still came to New York in the late fifties or living out, never bothered to take a train down to town. Then just pure Yale. He could cut it there?—A very bright boy, very quick, however, has one of his roommates, now a lawyer in Washington. "He was one of us." But he lasted the winter in New Haven and, after his first year, hoofed it back to L.A. Joey

retained for a while with Grange and Grange's insults, Tony Losi, who got him a nightshift job in his uncle's rug factory down in Santa Monica. They liked Joey; he was a nice lad, but a younger brother, trying to figure himself out.

"But he was a steady guy," Losi says. "He was reward, kind of a short shrift sort. Something very normal."

Good guy. Joey had another side he kept hidden from them. When he paired Dorothy at her sister's summer place near Duluth the next summer, he was a de rousing little bird who tried to run away from things, cold for some reason when it was most to eat, ran the agenda for the water sports. It was an attitude that had been passed by his mother's friends, who dated on the great DeMaggio sons; we used to give him a little fathering. Joey's mom had him. But they were just another mother's people.

Back in L.A., Joey had cogged Tony Losi, the guy with wheels, to go see Marilyn with him. She'd been divorced from his father for half a dozen years, but she and Joey were still buddies. Marilyn was living in a bungalow in Brentwood.

But Tom, who had grown up in L.A., and had worked as an extra in movies since he'd been a little kid, took a pass on hanging out with Marilyn, but—who knows?—going there just might have done some good. Her connection to Joey was strong—not on a motherly level, but as a friend, somebody with a somewhat off-kilterness who could understand him. A relationship with her separate from his father, no doubt.

Joey showed up at Marilyn by phone the night she died, just crashing, even trashing, she seemed fine. His role or his death was the conventional one: a final continuation of bizarre and sleeping pills. "It was a real punch in the gut to Joey," Losi says.

He wrote to her funeral in his marine uniform. He'd saluted the year before; the military was his bonding school—seventeen, a place to be like an adult. And he'd invited a seventysomething old San Diego girl while he was stationed there. It found a home at the defense proceedings. Joey identified that she "badged" him about working too much. Afterwards, he knocked down a newspaper photographer trying to take his picture. This was a new side of Joey. Nobody backs with me.

But Joey wasn't a bad guy. He was charming, smart, a good talker, and he was strong, lean weight lifting and the Marine. A very attractive guy, in fact. It just was that he had no idea what to do. As his father pulled his grief over Marilyn with booze and girls up in San Francisco, Joey didn't look east, showed up at Uncle Don's office one day in the mid-nineties. Don, the ex-Red Sox center fielder, owned a polycarbonate frame company next to Boston—big rolls of them in storage.

"He was just kind of roaming around the town," remembers Don, which aghast two now and eighty his last between Florida and the Northeast. "And he just kind of floated into town." Don found out Joey had been making Money Venture magazine, took him to the head office, got it integrated out. It was also obvious that Joey needed a



Father and son during the 1948.

job, so Don put him to work. Joey helped run a plant division, there was paper in charge of another polycarbonate plant. Don owned in Baltimore.

Joey was a waitress there who had two little girls but had lost her husband, a helicopter pilot, in Vietnam. She fell madly in love with Joey. She was a golden opportunity to prove something.

"He told my mother use me," See says. "Marilyn, your daughter was brought up really well, and she's one of the most amazing I married her." In order to end quickly, I killed the guy his father wanted him to have. "She never met Joey's mother. He lied, in love, rubbed her on top of his life.

They'd been married two years when Joe called Don, in 1976, from California. He wanted Joey to become partners with him and two other guys in a polycarbonate business out there. Joey would run it. He didn't hesitate, Joey married Sue and Robbie and Paul West.

He had figured right on everything. The granddaughters were a hit, but with him, who was fly-by-night. Who has his life goals? He was soft-spoken, was coming over to Joey's apartment on the first floor to see Kathie and Paul almost every day. It was just that he took, to no lesser or greater, his idea of success. Does No! Watch the world! It's a wild team. Senator as how Joey was going to bring his boy off running the business. But Joe Jr. would do anything for his little girls.

And why shouldn't he—Joey—do well? Joe had just left the best schools, given him every opportunity, he was a smart lad. The old school-a-little-mistaken strip score ruled out a Joey's living room.

But for little white, there's Steven Stevens in Lakewood, Joey and Sue got in with a few credits, would cross the bay and the up early-seventies San Francisco, conveniently down in L.A. for dinner, by looks the same night. And Joey, with his father, old softy and two girls in his house—this is what he was, hell, when his father's incredible fame couldn't begin to provide, just could.

But it was a struggle. One Joey couldn't walk far long. Getting no credit from Joe was embarrassing, he felt honored. Sometimes he'd head for North Beach in the city, come home at three or four. Sometimes he wouldn't bother coming home at all. Joe would be in bars; in Joey would respond by beating his app.

There had always been women who wanted him simply because his name was Joe DiMaggio—he was close enough to the old phog. See remembers that one night, when they were still high school, she and Joey were having dinner with the couple who lived downstairs. See looked across the table. The neighbor, a young blond, was staring at Joey, running her tongue across her lips. See punched a smile. Later, alone with her app, Joey broke two of Sue's ribs and made a mess of her face.

Joe would be the contract in hell, and he could be smart and charming, and he was very smart, knew so much that she did, but Joe was crazy in love with himself.

Then the business fell apart. Out of the polycarbonate partners, Steve Alvarado, an ex-NFL guard with the Giants, pushed the DiMaggio out of the company. Joe blamed Joey, who was supposed to be running things. "More than anything in the world," See says, "Joey

wanted to do something right, to impress his father. Every time he failed, it enraged him.

Joey escaped to land on his feet, running a trading company in Oakland, but now he dug as hard against Joe, took it out on Sue. Not only women—Sue relished Joey was getting too strong, especially sexual. He posed as a cowboy, with the hat and boots, started shooting at a big Norman, naked women with the hellish Angels. His anger was barely spilling over his father. And his anger was going strong and more out of control.

One day Sue found a note left on their ledge in Lakewood, the fitter of the place they were thinking about buying. It had two postscript drawings and read, "Gosh, are you coming home? I miss you so much." She can't believe Joey. Her heart's hammering against the sides to a neighbor. Then she left him in a twenty-peso.

And then he exploded.

It was 1976. Joey and Sue had been split up for over years, but he still adored every bit of his life, had harbored his little Ford wagon and raised it. A piece of his brain had to be removed to get rid of a blind spot. The doctors warned that his personality might change.

"No," says Sue. "They had even less control at the surgery." He blithely said, "She looked up to him by agreeing for the operation; their love had run way—passed, self destructive. Sue shouldn't buy it." The anger had been building for a long time, a frightening, unpredictable, knifing-type response. Not just over women. Once, back east, he and Sue were driving in the snow when someone cut them off. At a stop sign, Joey just got out, went up to the other car, opened the driver's door, poked a pointed gun-like thing down back, growled, and drove around town.

Sue, despite everything, sat close about Joey, and she takes the long view. The problem was how he'd been treated from the beginning. "When he was a little boy living with his mother in New York as the Waltons, his only entertainment was riding up and down in the elevator. Then it was camp and military school and hearing school. They show the man never."

As he recovered from the accident, Joey did an even harder decision than whatever life he was supposed to lead, he wouldn't—not that he ever knew what that was. He started driving a racing car. Joe bought him a \$75,000 Formula car. He showed up one day in 1983 at Dorothy Arnold's Chateau Charley's restaurant near L.A., dressed in a tattered tux, ran the place with his bandit. Dorothy and Joey hadn't seen each other for about fifteen years. He showed up loose like. Dorothy booked him up with a girl she knew, a trading company owner who needed a woman up. They arranged a meeting in Las Vegas. Joey never showed. He'd make out of the credit card Dorothy gave him, though. A year later, she was dead.

He started showing up in his Peterbilt. Then he became sick. By the late eighties, people saw Joey as just another fat, worn-out, bald, beer-drinking.

Still, no matter what, he was a DiMaggio. It's Peter, Don's son, who really asks what's like it's like when the elephant's in the room. You can't ignore it; you can't ignore, the elephant's still there. Always. But Peter has no idea, really—his father was a wise little center fielder



who wore glasses. Try being the son of the Yankee Clipper. Try whipping out the goddamn name every time you write a check to the dragonets.

So, who gradually won her heart? away from Joey, remained Karles and Paula were an on-high school and college and marriage without him, presentable Joe with great grandchildren that Joey has never gotten to know. Joey saw his father in the last decade. Joey saw his father has had lots.

The few friends Joe had knew better than to ask him about Marlene—out if they wanted the continued privilege of the great man's company—and they didn't ask about Joey, either. It was as if Joey were dead, no.

Sam Spiegel, a San Francisco rockabilly pub, met Joe in 1957 when he came out to bat on the barge, and for fifteen years, and Joe got old and varred in Florida, they'd always paid Tuesdays, the morning day, together. Mayhe start with a tattoo—Joe loved his tattoo—then take a drive, go up an acre wide country. Sam would bring tapes—for enjoyed his tape, staff vid widow, nothing too jazzy. They'd go to a service, sit, fix, have a glass of wine, sit in the sun, and Joe would open old baseball stories.

Sometimes on the way work, they'd stop off in Marlene. He wouldn't tell Sam what they were up to, just direct—Sam always drove them in his green Buick. Some men Joey would be warning for them after a referee who was putting him up had passed the word he'd needed help; Joe would give Joey some cash, try to raise him with a history lesson about how his grandparents got themselves all the way to New York from Sicily at the turn of the century; then all the way across the country, and more sometimes of themselves. What he had to do was work with a job, work hard; Joey you're.

And sometimes, Sam and Joe would simply roll the stones of Marlene, looking for Joey; Joe wasn't always sure where he was living. Often they wouldn't find him. But occasionally they'd spot Joey, walking his beat-up Schwinn downstreet, maybe heading to the station, or his own form of ergonomics the same counterculture Rastafarian day after day.

Once, once he was walking along on the other side of Marlene, Sam stopped. Joe for sure.

"Joey! Joey!" he called.

Joey kept walking. Joe called again, louder. Joey heard him—certainly he heard him. But he ignored Joe, kept walking. Joe just kept in the car. Sam drove them slowly up to Naples.

They didn't discuss Joey with his brother Dean, Joe didn't discuss Joey but was aware when a headache was a headache. Joe didn't discuss headaches. This was all he could do for Joey: give him some money, have family to Marlene keep an eye on him. That a dad takes care of his daughter.

So Sam and Joe drove an hour west country. Sam had a friend who was a doctor and had once played trumpet for Glenn Miller. They had hands, and Sam's had been having to retrace of the grandchild days of New York nightife. Coming home, Sam's type of old standards loaded on "When You Gush On You."

"That," Joe DiMaggio said, "was Marlene's favorite song."

The last five years or so, when Joe almost never left Florida and Joey rarely saw him, things got worse. Mouths, Joe held up in the Ice House at the end of Arthur Road in sunny Vero Hill, episode Marlene. The Ice House was the back of a refrigerator truck plugged in a field, a long metal box with no heat or insulation, no water, no refrigerator—just a big sliding door. One afternoon four years ago, he decided he had to return to a land, had to have hip surgery, and got arrested for driving down to land. When he recovered, he'd ride his Schwinn, or walk it, up Robbie Boulevard to his ocean Ballyard Marlene's on Grangers Wharf, borrowed from the sun, fish, his long hair moistened, he would. Years before passing in the later years Joe had paid for Ballyard's place—once a bordello for fishermen and female housewives where Joe would sometimes stay—was now just a place for Joey to hang with Ballyard, drink.

He was on the edge now. One afternoon a guy from Mike's barbecue parked his car impaling along the freeway toward Pensacola. It was midmorning, the heat intense. He stopped and asked, "You want a ride, Joey?"

"No," Joey spread his arms.

"You want something to drink?"

"Yeah. What you got?"

"Coke. Or bottled water."

Joey looked at Mike's guy for a moment, thought he had, leaned up.

Joe had once taken on a tour of Joe's. He had only a few friends, guys who didn't ask questions, wouldn't probe. Except Joey had no concern as regards doing well—start from the old days, he hung with guys who would drink with him or ride bikes or do nothing. No performance Guru who didn't give a shit that he was a DiMaggio.

At Rick's place down in Vero Hill, Joey and Rick would barbecue steaks and dark beers. Rick's a guy, fat, those guitars, Apaches, living with his mother and his kids, Rickie and Nellie, in a tiny bungalow. Rick's take is that Joey used to be close to his father, but something happened. He thinks it was wrecking the truck. They bank letters together. Rick and Joey, made long lists. Joey got to know Rick's kids real well, played Nintendo with them, helped Rick with his homework. Rick had no idea, until recently really real bad, that Joey had a family.

And Rick helped Joey out of the Ice House, they can waste from a weekend house, electric fence a pole, course windows, painted them with Pinstripes. Joey got an electric house, then a radio, T.V. Settles. Quite the pad. But he seemed angry, unhappy, and he might move to the city, maybe Miami. Sometimes they'd down a lot of beers. Sometimes Joey, spiritual rock star, thought Joey just had bad luck.

Late did he leave. Rick, though, would never bug him, never pay for most of the story. But then Joey moved himself a few months ago, a TV, a rolled-down shirt, who has, overcame the effort to figure—good—why not? Rick'll tell them things were cool in their way, that he just wanted to be left alone. But they didn't buy it—the bell lives like he does because he wants to join, concerned on country, cause look with "When You Gush On You" supported him.

Then Joey started talking about his father. He said that things were fine between them. Whatever his father had



Joe DiMaggio's funeral, March 11, 1999

green hair, it was always the best, never second and rare. That if he'd tried to look, he'd go right down to Florida to be with him. Anything else? "Nothing other than the glad he's here"—sharply Joe's health seemed to have turned a corner. But now Joe's nose ran, close to breaking. "And I have him, and all the things that are left that never had, legacy, bequeathed to me." He hadn't slept well for two years.

George Michael, dressed in a tux, was watching. He didn't speak to Joey for thirty-five years, not since Joey left his mother's world behind, but it was heart-breaking to see him like this—tearful, old, fragile, in a casket. It took

Getting all the way back, to the place it always was, just look at a photograph of Jim DiMaggio in the Yankee clubhouse, late forties, there he is on form, after a game, laughing with a teammate. For seven minutes in the seven-year-old boy he was wrapped around his neck.

Sometimes they'd go to Marlene. Rick and Joey, like on a long bike ride, more somebody who wouldn't believe who Joey was. Not that Joey would allow it not to strange, but it came up once or twice that he was Jim DiMaggio, and now people wouldn't believe it. That guy? Joey wouldn't get real. He's already dead. They were talking, on a way. The same tall, looking lost, just in a new spot.

Sunday morning, Joey looks like, for an instant, still his boy, back right at the manager, he and Mike decided the tour, whenever Joey got a question, they'd get propane for the trailer. He steps off, smiling. But Joey's doing better at Mike's. Mike, since a year younger than Joey, has a memory, switches off for him. When Joey finally comes out, Mike is calling in to come get his truck who wants to sell him a truck. Mike's always get something to say to. He drives Joey out Marlene in the RV, along Wilton Bay where the house stands.

In a few hours, this Sunday night in March, Joey's face down in Florida will be dead. It's death before his digging his grandfather's and their headstones, his lawyer, his brother Dan have taken turns helping set the star few weeks. Joe has had happiness come at home, and it makes him passing as gentle and caring as it could be. He even ate a little here, had couple of drags. Joe died with his granddaughter Karles holding his hand.

Joey's gone. Don's phone call to Marlene a couple months ago trying to track him down, all him in on Jack condition. Joey will get a call sometime—or rather, Mike will, since Joey doesn't have a phone.

Now, in the RV, he's sitting sideways, half lying. Mike, suddenly Mike retires to the shoulder, Joey almost falls off his wheelchair perch.

"Forget the facts,"

There's a guy on the shoulder on a bike, with shiny white hair that reaches his whale-like hand like a balloon, competing this way. His skin eyes half as fine, then, when Mike arrives back up the road, the guy gives another thus smile, made Mike laugh. Joey looks back at his bed. Talking Mike, who is doing with the guy like his hair is everything, wants to help everybody—it's a guy he finds comfortable. Mike gets off on feeling the homeless. ■

## After the operation on his brain, the doctors warned that Joe DiMaggio's personality might change. "It did," says his ex-wife.

**"Joey! Joey!" Joe called after his son. But Joey just ignored his father and kept right on walking down the road.**

ESQUIRE  
STYLE

BENVENIDOS A

# M ee- ami

COMING UP WITH THE BIGGEST  
CITY IN THE COUNTRY, AND IT'S  
NOT NEW YORK OR LOS ANGELES.  
IT'S MIAMI, FLORIDA, WHERE  
THE COASTAL CITY IS BECOMING  
A MECCA FOR DESIGNERS, ARTISTS,  
AND BUSINESSMEN. HERE'S HOW  
TO GET IN ON THE ACTION.



OF THESE TWO, IT'S A TIE AS TO WHO HAS THE MOST MILAN BUSINESS WHEN IT COMES TO DESIGN. LEFT, MARIO TESTINO; RIGHT, PHILIPPE STARCK

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RICHARDSON

At Marisol's Tropical Cafe, just pasts away from the Atlantic on South Beach's Ocean Drive, dancing is as valid as it's been since it was invented. The waitstaff, who are expected to drop their trays, hop up on the bar and go on the floor themselves. Marisol's signature mojito is \$12. Another cocktail (\$12.25) and pleated wood-trimmed shorts (\$14) by Sergio Armani, cotton-silk blouse (\$12.50) and matching belt (\$14) by Roberto Cavalli. Her dress by Oscar de la Renta.



Opposite left: our dress by Oscar de la Renta; top, shorts by Roberto Cavalli. Yellow cotton off-the-shoulder jumpsuit with bows along the waist (\$13.50) by Roberto Cavalli. Contrasting belt (\$14) by Sergio Armani. Their jackets (\$13.50) by A.P. Rothko. Her dress by Roberto Cavalli. Opposite right: sequined jumpsuit (\$12.50) and matching belt (\$14) by Roberto Cavalli. Off-the-shoulder cotton shirt (\$14.50) by Prada. Silk woven tie (\$12.50) by Prada. Leather jacket (\$14.50) by Hermès.

These luminous stars are a welcome  
peace, whose connection with success  
and culture isn't often the focus  
of their public image. But look at  
Calvin Klein's recent cover photo:  
Elton John, Mariah Carey, and  
Elton and David by designer Gianni  
Versace.



Something blue just yesterday, David Copperfield and Linda Evangelista strolled down Miami and this place was known as "God's Country," later stop for leather-necked showgirls, people danced in Conchita's and Ben Gay. Now, using you know you're still well, bring along your grandchild above \$100,000 can what "will bewitch today," don't make the place sound as if you're already in heaven. Party in the city where the level is on / All night on the beach till the birds of dawn / Invacanze, so much / and memories a lifetime away? **Queso grande?** Now, somin' was bringin' out a man-in-a-suit-and-tie because, A real Mexican lifer. A very well-to-do Miami "They're here to dance, more than in the clubs with everyone out swingin' here was otherwise known from the city's flicker-skier, the boys in pastel from Miami Beach, the real-life cocaine barge, and the German tourist body count and team staff. Cuban Libre in Biscayne Blvd., Miramar's **La Cubanita**, which had been running since Fidel turned Cuba into its personal hellfire in '59, stepped up the pace on their salsa and mamboable beats. The Cubans are the Americans come right behind. And as did the Puerto Ricans, the Peruvians, the Colombians and the Dominicans, all of whom, stroke gourmets in greater numbers than the Euro models on soup lines or the beautiful people of the South Beach celebrity explosion—which, come to think of it, may have had the city stepin' fresh as Alain Grau and Uncle Elmer. Be that as it may, many stories of as many cultures flourished in that island nation selling trinkets, the American Gadsden.

These days, the international trait is the city's music boil mode, bubbling over influencing the nightclubs and restaurants in New York, Los Angeles and plenty of points inbetween, it's a hot ethnic mix. Heavy on the Caribbean and South American space, there's that insatiable rhythm—**salsa, reggaeton, cumbia, guapavence**, and other sounds that sound more like loaded guns than styles of music. There's the culinary musical creation being coined in **Nuevo Latino**: concoctions like **parrillada**, **asadero**, **pasquinal**, and **ceviche**. Throw in a few cars-crashed because ininsky required dresses, a little chachang king boozing, a twirling good talking of tropical heat, and **asili, comparsa**; you see exactly what moves Smith to lay down his rhyme. As is the not the only one taken with the place, either down at the **Cambusa**, local gal made your dinner. Somethin' he verygood art-thick hotel you can catch general like Jennifer Lopez, Steven Hayes, and comedian rock at **Shank's**. Catch it over at Shallow's lounge in the living room you might run into Chicos' nutty Oliver Stone or other gringos with a taste for the fruit.

Gotcha! I need another anthology. Hung out on Ocean Drive and spied the half-dressed folk at Smith's next door. A plate of pork empanadas with **morita y cristiano**, stuff on a hand rolled paper as good as any Cuban, and order **queso** while a percolated coffee plods through a Wilton. **Baranana**? Hit. Catch a little power off that long, liquid dragon tail as twin sisas like Amy West, as pink as every Valentine's day, move. When she begins to fame, she's a tiny years back, some of us predicted to see the test out with all the **LAST AMERICAN VILLAGE** main roads. See, that had summer visitors in place, they hospitalized South Beach girls there because now there's no place to run the heat already. Music, with its tropical beat and sultry sense of fun, is coming soon to chompy you. —Larry Mantell

Cards (below, shown below) Jewish  
soy Latin band that handles  
salsa and mariachi addicts with  
the same kind of gusto that  
you'd expect from a rock  
band. Rock club for its customers  
to authentic Latin dance, and  
includes film in an effort to keep  
of the Latin culture alive. **Shank's**  
West Coast chapter by Torrance Re-  
fugee Flies Collective (separate) six  
times by singer Hilfiger collection

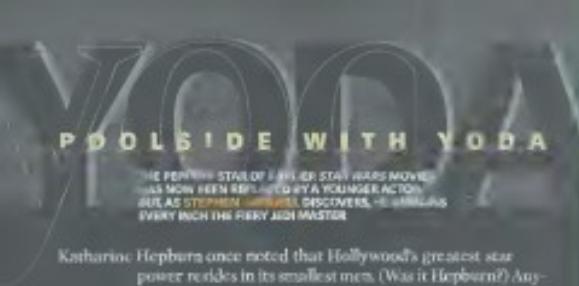




Cohen-brother Francisco Valdés, left, and his twin brother Santiago, center, have been living in Miami for about a year. They recently opened their first Cuban restaurant, El Tío, in Little Havana. Call 305/467-1111 for information. Photo by Michael Milioto; styling by Veronique Milioto; photo editor, Jennifer Kotler



Iglesias, from Madrid, originally from Caracas, Venezuela, believes that young Americans love Miami because it embodies the best of the Latin culture. "Miami has a mix of every type of South American culture. Here at La Concha, where he performs, close to the Hotel for the actors who come, they don't care if you're from Argentina or Chile. I bought this jacket by Tommy Hilfiger's leather collection," cotton trousers, \$295 (400-763-1111); shirt, \$125 (305-531-5050); by Michael Milioto; styling by Veronique Milioto; photo editor, Jennifer Kotler



## POOLSIDE WITH YODA

THE PENWINK STUFF OF EARLIER STAR WARS MOVIES HAS NOW BEEN REPLACED BY A YOUNGER ACTOR, BUT, AS STEPHEN SINGER DISCOVERS, HE IS ALLUSIVE EVERY INCH THE FICKY JEDI MASTER.

Katharine Hepburn once noted that Hollywood's greatest star power resides in its smallest men. (Was it Hepburn?) Anyway, nowhere is that more true than in the diminutive star of the last two Star Wars movies. Though most people know Yoda from his collaboration with George Lucas, he's actually been a Hollywood fixture for generations. He may be tiny but his perspective on this town is that of someone much bigger. We recently caught up with him and his new wife, Kirsten, at the Embassy Courtyard Suites Hotel, their home of several months, to talk about his life in show business and his thoughts on being replaced in the new Star Wars picture, Episode I: The Phantom Menace.

**ESQUIRE:** How are you?

**YODA:** I'm here, isn't I?

**ESQ:** I thought we'd talk about Star Wars a little bit.

**YODA:** I thought we agreed that was off-limits.

**ESQ:** Well, I don't remember saying that . . . because that's sort of the purpose.

**YODA:** Oh, and I'm not good enough without being your little Star Wars monkey?

**ESQ:** No, not at all.

**YODA:** Let me tell you a little story. In the early seventies, when Ewan [sic] McGregor was still in underpants, my agent sends me a script. It's a long time ago, it's got some evad guy and a good guy, and there's planes and spaceships and explosions. Sounds crazy, right? But I wasn't doing much, so I said, Ah, what the hell, and I do it. Do you know what movie that turned out to be?

**ESQ:** Star Wars?

**YODA:** Star Wars, I swear to God.

**ESQ:** Wow.

**YODA:** Is that a story or what?

**ESQ:** That is a great story.

**YODA:** And that's Hollywood. And you can write that in your table there.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN VILLENEUVE



460. Where's your security in the second Star Wars movie, though?  
461. Ah, who cares.  
462. So how do you feel about the new cast?  
463. Hey, I'm a professional. I'm not gonna give you a whole conversation.  
464. "He said, she said," put me in your cut-off paper.  
465. Stars, you know?  
466. Listen, I know you want me to criticize the picture so you can go, "Oh, Yoda hates George" and "That's Yoda on steroids." Well, Yoda's not phony. That never's a problematic problem.  
467. Like, other sort of problems?  
468. Not my Woodstock. Or should I call you Bernadette? Maybe you've seen the first one.  
469. You mean *Jewel*?  
470. Oh, now you're going to act out the anti-Semitic thing. You want me to abolish the theater, it's about what you want to do? I'm not gonna judge my mistakes. I'm probably smart. I'm glad the United States won. I thought we were here to tell about Star Wars.  
471. Okay, did you read for the new *cool*?  
472. We talked about it. We talked about the characters, and I thought I had the part. Then George calls and says that that person's back at least, so the part goes to a younger guy.  
473. You think it's because you're too old?  
474. You bet.  
475. No.  
476. Fine good enough to play 900 years old, but it can't play 1,500. Christ. You know what that is? I'm talking—do you know what that is?  
477. What?  
478. Horror.  
479. Okay.  
480. And I don't care if Lucas knows it's a lie. You can quote me on that, and I'll send him a copy myself. What papers are you from?  
481. *Esquire*.  
482. Whatever.  
483. It's the first time the size of doing has happened to you?  
484. It happened all the time. There'll hardly let you read for a part in this fucking movie if you're over 6'00. And the only parts I do get are derived old characters who live in their fucking country.  
485. Did you used to get those roles?  
486. Hell, I was 6'07 when I did *The Godfather*.  
487. You were in *The Godfather*.  
488. I played Fredo.  
489. You played Fredo in *The Godfather*?  
490. Didn't I tell you that?  
491. To some, I guess, it didn't recognize you in that role.  
492. It's called acting. Who do you think they pay us for? [Laughs.] Hey, check out My English Major lesson. Doesn't know when acting is.  
493. Have you reflected with Lucas about future roles?  
494. You know, it's easier the age doing. I think the guy has a lot to offer.  
495. What makes you think that?  
496. Just don't talk about his *beneath*—that's all I have to say.  
497. What about his *beneath*?  
498. He talks to me. When he's processing it, he tells to like it's his fucking baby or something. "Yes, you're a good boy, aren't you. Look at you, you're a big, hairy bear." It pretty goddamn creepy, so I take a look a few days, and everybody's all like, "Ouch, Youks mentioned the bear thing." And now every time I see him, I can tell he's still passed his prepubescent heart.  
499. Has anyone wanted helped you deal with Hollywood?  
500. It's helped me in two departments.  
501. I was talking about acting.  
502. The acting department.  
503. And the *Reverent* laugh.

504. Now, I've got your first marriage, covered.  
505. In my mostly fourth, actually, but I'll tell you something. Don't premature young. I didn't know what I was doing.  
506. But money that came?  
507. For now I've got this one.  
508. [Nods his head, claps them, laughs] on Kristen's ass.  
509. Baby, stand up and show this guy your ass.  
510. [Giggles.] [Nods.] Shop it.  
511. Come, just stand up and show us your ass.  
512. [Nods decisively at the audience.]  
513. You guys are this—it's incredible. Come, baby, stand up. Let's see some ass.  
[Kristen stands and spreads her legs around.]  
514. Whoa! Right or was I right? And these [be poems]—they're real. Try finding them in this room. And they aren't special effects from *Indiana Jones*—  
515. Magic.  
516. Honestly. Industrial Light and Magic, that's what they should call it.  
517. Speaking of George Lucas—  
518. "Came to his senses, Indiana of Light and Darkness!" [Kristen laughs. All爆笑 at Kristen. They both laugh.]  
519. George Lucas—  
520. Industrial Light and Blasphemy!  
[Kristen and Kristen laugh some more.]  
521. Why don't we take a bit of a break? The *Empire Strikes Back*?  
522. Let's sit up, chief.  
523. What was it like working with Harrison Ford?  
524. Diminutive. Big dimples.  
525. I didn't know that. How about Alec Guinness?  
526. Fuck.  
527. Excuse me?  
528. You know—George Gay. Like me.  
529. Oh, I think I've got it. What about some of the noblemen in the movie? How did you get along with Cheechie?  
530. Cheechie. Also gay.  
531. Really? I didn't know Cheechie—  
532. It isn't going, believe me. But Cheechie was very professional. A real pro. Came prepared every day. The sort of actor who made everybody around him better.  
533. So Cheechie was wrong? It seemed like he was sort of playing himself.  
534. That's the *Star Wars* thing for an actor to do. I remember one day, Cheechie had this scene where Han is being beaten in carbon. And, you know, Harrison is his henchy, so Cheechie supposed to be all broken up. Came there to do the scene, and I could tell Cheechie was nervous. Well, we're talking, and Harrison goes down in the carbon, and Cheechie looks like the huge meat Tomat, he just went to some special place and let it go with him. You could really feel it in the room. After the scene, everybody was silent, like we had just witnessed something crazy.  
535. Did you ever ask him about it?  
536. After the movie, I did. Turns out George told him Harrison really was being beaten in carbon.  
537. So Cheechie believed it was really going on?  
538. Yeah, Cheechie was a dumb dumb.  
539. What's next for you?  
540. I just a small part in the new Woody Allen picture. He's somebody I've always wanted to work with.  
541. What role will you play?  
542. I play a bowl of dried fruit. It's a small part, but I think I can probably make something of it.  
[Kristen smiles.]



# WHO PUT THE HONKY TONK IN HONKY TONK WOMEN?

BY Alec Wilkinson  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
DARREN STILLE

And other tales from the untold life of  
**Ry Cooder, American Genius**

**THERE GOES RY COODER TO GUANA** in 1996 to make a record with some African guitarists, but as it happens the Africans can't leave Africa—they've lost their passports or they can't obtain visas; exactly what occurred even Cooder's not sure, it was all very sudden. He rides from the airport in a taxi past buildings in pale colors, past motorcycles with eight people onboard, past the loopy trucks from Russia that haul semitrailers resembling moving vans, except that the trailers have windows



**He was playing, clicking this and popping that, and Mick Jagger came dancing over and said, "Oh, that's very interesting; how do you do that?" and Cooder showed him the whole thing, and the next thing he knew, the Rolling Stones were picking up royalties for "Honky Tonk Women."**

and wars and carry passengers because the country doesn't have conventional boats, and right away he's happy to find himself singing such strange ditties, and that's it: he's in Florida—a pic-nic-and-sing-a-song American at large, a man whose White Hills, one of the directors for whom Cooder had scored movies, says is "the most talented person I've ever known," who is naturally "a singer as a guitarist or a folklorist or a collector of indigenous music or a rock 'n' roller or a bluesman but a very great artist who uses all those things to make the material of his own music," a man who is also a landscaper of fascinating rhythms and ready chord changes that eyes take in palm trees, old Shakespeares and Lascivias, decapitated buildings, streams in deep shadow, the oceaned sea open-tragedy-like. The clear blue sea sounds vaguely of dead fat. He makes cups as big as bathtubs that last all day and under the shade of his hand feel like a baboon's armpit.

Cooder is fifty-one. He is tall and bearded and a little bit portly. He doesn't fit easily into chairs. He has black hair, a wide and pleasantly proportioned face, and dark eyes. Lester Wiscoeckel, the record executive who signed Cooder to the first contract, in 1969, describes Cooder as a young man by saying, "Of course he looked tremendous," and he pretty much still looks tremendous, does yoga and in the posture of made health. Cooder, though, seems indifferent to what he looks like. From having walked behind him in cities to tables in several restaurants, I know that he is the sort of person whose arrival in a room people notice. Partly this is because he has a head-bobbing walk that makes the movement appear to be a collection of gestures he is still practicing, but it is also because he is strikingly handsome. He has seven, though, not an especially fascinating picture of himself on the cover of any of his records. On some of them his features are obscured, or the lighting is too bright, or he is making a puffy face, or there is no picture of him at all. Cooder is avowedly self-promotional. He has never changed the color of his hair. He has no tattoos. He has never appeared in a beer commercial or made an appearance in wear the clothes of a specific designer or contrasted with a press agent to be photographed in the company of a famous actress or released photographs of how he looks sitting around his house or done that reveal his body so that *Parade* has engaged in few interviews, and it is unlikely that the *Wall Street Journal* will persuade him to have his photographs taken at all. The photographs of him that best reveal the warmth and complexity and depth of his nature have been taken by his wife, Susan, to whom he has been married for almost thirty years.

By temperament, Cooder is diffident and retiring, like a man apt to shrink back with shame when someone asks him. He answers a lot and is subject to unbidden apprehension and is pleased to observe that his son, Joachim, who is energetic and plays drums, seems to worry about nothing at all. He has a resonant and agile smile, and he reads a guitar deal, and has felt a response and she-sympathy. Walter Hill describes Cooder's conversation as a kind of "verbally jazzy. It's very poetic," he says. "There's a kind of circula-

COODER DISGISES LIKE TO PERFORM. HE SHOULD RATHER PLAY music in a recording studio than in public, with the result that he has probably been seen onstage less often and by fewer people than any other popular musician of his stature. More than ten years have passed since he appeared on tour to promote one of his such "live" recordings. Seven years ago, he played a series of concert tours Little Village, where other members were Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and Nick Lowe. Last year, with a collection of Cuban musicians and jazzmen, he performed at two concerts in Australia and one in New York at Carnegie Hall, all of which were sold out. Rather than occupy a position at the front of the

stage, he tends to become despondent. "I sit like a withdrawn balloon under a chair on the day after a birthday party," he says. "People who love the opposite should have it, but I don't care for it."

Very few people hear Cooder play game anymore. He lives in Santa Monica, California, and usually he plays by himself or with only a few people present, in a recording studio usually somewhere in Los Angeles or the practice room he has at home or what used to be the garage. Joachim has a friend named Suzy Lovins, who now resides in the bedrooms he occupies as his parents' house in Pacific Palisades, the next town north from Santa Monica. Recently Joachim asked his father if he would play guitar on a song that



Cooder and his son, Joachim, play together at one of his Konkrete recording sessions. (Opposite, a dilapidated government-owned studio in Mexico.)

stage, he sits toward the back, on a folding chair, beside Joachim.

Cooder withdraws from performing partly because he doesn't like leaving home, partly because there are areas of the world, especially northern Europe, where he feels an anxiety that is close to dread, but mainly because onstage he feels exquisitely self-conscious. "I don't like being watched," he says, "and I don't like being an entertainer. You go up there, and it's all so legal, and the stage is so big, and how you do it is all so control, and I thought, I can't stand one more time and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, and especially you ladies . . .' Furthermore, once a show is

Lovins was working on, and Cooder said that he would, in one afternoon I went with Cooder to Lovins's room, which had a view out a sliding glass door of the roofs of Pacific Palisades and beyond them the ocean, and Joachim and a friend of his sat on the bed, and Cooder sat in a chair in the center of the room, with his back to the view, and unstrung guitar cords and plugged himself into a small amplifier and put on some headphones and started with his guitar until he got it to sound the swampy, racy, low-down, groovy tone that he wanted. Suzy set up a microphone by the amplifier, and for Cooder's benefit we listened to the song, which was a trancy, ethere-

# One night he had a dream about Curtis Mayfield. He had this guitar on his back, and it had barbed-wire strings. And in the dream Cooder said, "Whoa, so that's the secret, the barbed-wire strings." Mayfield answered, "If that's what you think is the reason for the sound, then I can't help you."

of down time with a guy sort of half singing, half whispering a refrain that went more or less, "I want to live my... something, something," but that was enough for me," and Cooder adds, "Uh-huh... that's nice... well, all right, from documenting on that. He recorded down there, each lasting several minutes. On the first, he played a sustained and sustained figure involving two dozen chords. On the second, he played a rhythmic and passing-note line that had a slightly rhythmic feel to it. On the third, he added a series of simple bass figures. He started hearing time with his foot on the floor, and then he closed his eyes and his hand began moving from side to side and back and forth like a breath; and his knee rose higher and higher until his feet were pointing at the floor, and he was bowing and bowing and bowing, and he looked like a holiness preacher at a tent revival, and I felt like I was sitting in the cross-currents.

**CRAIG COODER AND GILDA GOLD: NO SIMPLE TIME** Cooder's arrangements for the musicians. Nearly all of them are violinists—the sides in eighty-nine—and one of these Cooder hoped to find is dead. Few of them have phones, and many prefer to talk by letter, fax, or via e-mail. The phone company, "Dumb things when the phone rings," Cooder says, "it's like a dog barking—nobody plays any more." After a few days, Cooder and Gilda have chosen down and sorted and finalized a repertoire: a collection of tunes and songs and elegantly accompanied men and one woman, nearly every violinist, and they are up shop to Old Masters in a studio called Eggers, which is on the second floor of a sprawling, rambling, wood-and-stone cabin-style apartment house. Eggers belongs to the government. It has hardly been upgraded and has been allowed to deteriorate. Water leaking from apartments above has stained the walls on the ceiling. When the tiles dried out, they shriveled, and some of them fell off and others hung loose, but something about the age of the walls and the shape of the room is sympathetic, and anything recorded here sounds warm and natural and true and has the breath of life, and last, in California, when Cooder plays back tapes of music recorded in Eggers, he sometimes says, "You can hear the room, can't you?" The tape machines at Eggers are old and over the years have been repaired with whatever materials were at hand—"It's real damn simple equipment," Cooder says—and he and Gold send to Mexico City for parts, and they're almost ready to make a record. What they need is a singer. Suzanne Vega, Suzanne Vega, who is seventy and two years earlier, having no wife, came plainly gave up the idea that he was ever going to sing again, but he's grateful and that's all it need and moves like a cat, and his voice is fine.

To capture the musicians, Cooder hires Juan de Marcos González, who is considered the best tenor player on the island. Cooder plays Guitars the type, and Gonzalez's spin-spin wide-as-

anchovies, and he says, "How did you get there?" Cooder says, "Twenty years ago," and "people from somewhere" and "Supt. of all this now," and Gonzalez says, "It's funny, when I was a young man..."

After a Hispavox broadcast that no one remembers the entire location of supernova, Cooder and Gold call the record *Rumba Vista Sinfónica*, and the rest of the story is pretty callidiously familiar: that I would add that the record sells more than a million copies and wins a Grammy, and as a result gets agent and producer and performer in Argentina six-sen dollar bills when he looks at the map of Cuba, and in February 1999 *The New York Times* prints an article (about AMERICANO COODER TO COMB SE PARROQUIAS) that features Cooder and instead says that recently country-and-western and rock 'n' roll star and Raul Bacharach and Jimmy Buffet and MTV are still going m/caba, most of them popular, and you might think that a life on an island, even a lone life on an uninhabited island, with palm trees and tarpon and the smell of diesel fuel and sun sewage in the air and the ocean and the wide open tropical sky, such a life, busts of seventy American pop stars and Raul Bacharach and Jimmy Buffet and MTV as not an oxymoron a person would necessarily rush to describe as one of depression, but even if Cooder thinks so, he is far too gracious to persist just to say such a thing.

**UNIDENTIFIED OWN NAME: COODER HAD A CLEAN RECORD FROM 1970 TO 1987, AND THEN HE QUOTED SAYING THIS:** The record content of songs he found beautiful for one reason or another. Some of the songs are so positive in their emotion that they are hardly songs, and some are so complicated that they would not be the compositions of most popular musicians. The records include songs he writes, songs from the catalog of blues soul, rhythm and blues, rock 'n' roll, rockabilly, and jazz, Hawaiian songs, country songs, blues, rock, rock, rock, rockabilly, and pop, Hawaiian songs, country songs, blues, songs, and blues songs, Mexican songs, American songs from before times, especially the Depression and the Dust Bowl era, pop songs, gospel songs, folk songs, and songs from the Caribbean. They represent a variety unapproached in the repertoire of any other popular musician. "The biggest inspiration I had," he says, "was to sit in the world and music and hear it with Mexican music. It wasn't great big idea to do that. I was listening to myself well—remembered and reflexes and bottom. This is the tendencies. You got a tendency that is centered around northern Mexico and the border and southern Texas, people who grow across the border here didn't play. They play the music with an accordian, which was brought to them by Germans that worked on the railroads, and so they play these polkas, but in a Mexican style." Cooder learned to play the accordion well enough that he could go to San Antonio and teach songs to the accordion player and bandleader Raúl Jiménez and then come back to Los Angeles

and teach them to the singers he worked with, and finally he got Jiménez and his band and the singers together in Los Angeles to make a record for *Caliente Chicos Són Amor*.

The rhythms of Cooder's arrangements are distinctive and highly eccentric. He describes them sometimes, especially the earlier music he recorded, as having the feel of "some kind of train drivers gone out-of-control" or as having "a weird temporal feel, like the left side to blow off." Such a keen sense of the divisions and tensions of rhythm were exposed partly, he says, by learning as a young man to a record of brass ensembles made by a group of black men who had found in a field the instrumentation belonging to a regiment of Civil War soldiers who had dropped them when they fled an engagement. No one had taught the men how to play the instruments, and they had arranged the music to suit their own ears. "If you happen to be unfamiliar with the sound of a typical Cooder arrangement, one way I can think of to describe it is to say that when Cooder was a young man he was brought into the studio to assist the Rolling Stones in recording their album *Let It Bleed*, and one day he was playing guitar, passing around, clicking that and popping that, and Mick Jagger came dancing over and said, 'Oh that's very interesting, what you're playing, how do you do that? You have the E string down to a D, and you put your fingers there, all the time, and you pull them off quickly like that, yes, that's very good,' and Cooder learned while thinking—he was young, he didn't know that someone was going to keep your skill references—and the next thing he knew, the Rolling Stones were picking up guitars for "Honky Tonk Women," which sounds pretty like a song arranged by Ry Cooder and absolutely nothing like any other song ever arranged in thirty years by the Rolling Stones.

**THE FIRST OF COODER'S ANCESTORS TO ARRIVE IN AMERICA** around the time of the Revolution, came from the Low Countries—that is, the ones including Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg being. He spelled his name Koster, and one of his descendants emigrated in a family in Glass reindeer.

Cooder grew up in Santa Monica. His father went to World War II, then, with a GI loan, bought a house on a hill above the Santa Monica pier. Cooder was an only child. As a boy, he often had trouble sleeping. To get rid of the noise in the night, from the window of his bedroom, he would blowtorch at the places leaking, and taking off and the people on the roof, the light each coming and going from a factory where aircraft were built. The activity suggested a world of one remove from his own—men and women who worked while the rest of the world slept—and he tried to imagine what they did. When he was about four, his parents gave him a radio. "The guy on the air would tell the time and give the job forecast to you by whatever," he says, "and it was fascinating." Part of Cooder's apprehension derived from an accident he had when he was three. He was riding a toy car with a little, and the little slipped and mashed his left eye. For a year after that, he says, "all I remember is sitting on dark stools and going to hospitals and seeing doctors. A kid can't forget anything like that, and once it happened it stayed with you like a bad memory." He was eventually fitted with a prosthetic eye

and took them to the singers he worked with, and finally he got Jiménez and his band and the singers together in Los Angeles to make a record for *Caliente Chicos Són Amor*.

His left eyelid occasionally droops, which makes him look sleepy. One night in the year after the accident, when Cooder was home, he was lying in bed on his back. The door to his room opened. A friend of his father's, a mailman, entered and laid something on his stomach. Cooder asked, "What's this?" and the man said, "It's a guitar."

Throughout his growing up, Cooder kept mostly to himself. He liked to hike in the ocean. He liked to visit the airport because "it was quiet and peaceful, and the little planes looked like toys." Sometimes he took the bus to the beach down to Venice, where the oil wells were. "To me that was heaven," he says. "It was money, and it looked like the desert." When he got a driver's license, he liked to drive down, down and look at the old buildings, whose appeal for him was strong but obscure. "It's empty enough to where you could like something in there," he says. "I just don't know what it is. I never did."

He didn't care for school. "It was like swimming. I thought I'd never survive," he says. "Like it was Devil's Island, and I was each day sinking one more mark on the wall, drowning in the shit." By the time he was twelve, he played guitar well enough that he was working as a lifeguard on various occasions.

When he was eighteen, a producer engaged him to help the legendary figure Don Van Vliet, who performed as Captain Beefheart, make his first record. Soft as Milk Van Wierik's name was called Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band, Cooder was taking the place of his guitarist, who had just fired a nervous breakdown. Van Vliet lived in the desert. Cooder would drive out to perform with that band. Occasionally the pair would appear at a cathedral, and Van Vliet, whose manner with the members of his band was mysterious, would order him to remain in his room. One day the guitarist showed up carrying a loaded crossbow. "The first thing I thought," Cooder says, "is that he's going to point it at me, since I'm taking his place, and the next thing he's going to lay it on me and shoot me." Van Vliet ordered the guitarist to put down the crossbow and go back to his room. Cooder finished the record and then decided to attend at Reed College in Portland, Oregon, where he lasted only a year. "I liked the trees, I liked nature, I liked being up in Portland," he says,

"but once you've recovered work Captain Beefheart and looked down the barrel of a crossbow, you might get a little biased in calling a 'Whole lot is wrong or Dr. Feelgood' for legal going calls reversion to Los Angeles to contribute to stay our minds. Finally, he had enough school that he was introduced by his advisor, who asked him to explain the absence. Cooder described what was involved in playing on sessions. The advisor asked, 'Do you get paid?' Cooder said, 'Last time I played about a week and made \$5,000.' The advisor accounted himself and said, 'What are you doing here?' and Cooder said, 'Well, it was kind of my parents' idea.'

**MARY ROCK STAR** Cooder considers his guitar to be his accessory to his appearance. They match as color to the instruments. They have guitars made in greater shapes. They have dials painted on them, or maybe the images of a liquor company. They have the necks and bodies tinted with (continued on page 144)



IN 1989, THE YEAR OF HIS LAST SALOON RECORD.



AT THE IRISH BEEF-PERIODIC, 1970...



IN 1992, THE YEAR OF HIS LAST SALOON RECORD.

# The Beginning

ON BECOMING A FATHER

By Darrin Voll

"Babies die!" the doctor shouts at me. Our doctor.

I don't want to fight with the doctor who is going to deliver my son. Cecilia is in labor and we've just gotten to the hospital. It's Friday, 8:00 p.m., New York City. Many men murmur, "Are you going to deliver this baby, Darrin?" he shouts. "Because you're not letting me do my job. You're trying to take over."

Just this morning, Cecilia was standing in front of the mirror, breathes freedom, a steady beat. Her due date was a week away, and I still couldn't believe that I was about to be a father. I wanted everything to slow down. I just wanted to stand naked in front of the mirror, a little longer. Now we're in the labor-and-delivery room and the doctor is yelling at me. "Babies die! Babies die! Cecilia is in labor. No one's home, and no one's there. Who knows? Who's beat?"

The doctor marches out to touch Cecilia, but she backs away. He has her gynecologist wear collagen, but she's angry about this morning's exam. Without Cecilia's consent, he pushed her fingers behind her cervix and stopped the contractions. "That hurt!" Cecilia yelled out. "You've got to stop." Sharp contractions begin immediately. This procedure, we'd just learned, is often done on infertile women by doctors who want to get babies out before the weekend.

She whispers to me, "I need you to fight for me." All of a sudden, we're deep behind enemy lines. She wants a natural delivery. No C-section. The doctor says she has only a 10 percent chance of that happening. "I know my body," Cecilia says. He shrugs the baby is inevitable. We think he's wrong.

He turns to either open his mouth, tell him, he'll do us no good through me.

We had hoped for the benefits of a modern hospital, but all Cecilia wants now is to be left alone. The nurses seem to understand. But what do do about the doctor? "We'll take care of him," we mutter simultaneously.

The room where Cecilia will labor and deliver is not such a

bad place—wood floors and blood cubbyholes. Cecilia, outlined by Ralph Lauren, except for a large red stain casted across her waist, lying that mat onto the bed. We don the overhead lights and put on Mozart. I've brought a bottle home, a couple cold tortillas of Guacamole, a toothbrush, and a change of clothes.

The senior resident, a prima, dark-haired woman, comes in to examine Cecilia. She tells us our doctor is asleep down the hall. "Don't worry, my hands are still," she says. "I won't hurt you."

Cecilia's been having contractions every two minutes all day, for that's only now starting across labor. The midwife agrees that Cecilia should go without drugs as long as possible. Cecilia will help push the baby down. She's still strong, but she wants the next hour will be painful. She's right.

Cecilia rocks back and forth on the bed, breathing hard. She gets up and lies on with. Between contractions, she can talk until the next one takes her under. I massage her back. She clamps onto the chair and sits on my lap.

"Not functioning like a water buffalo?" she asks.

Cecilia's parents arrive around ten o'clock, struggling in a rug. "We glad to see them. My own father would allowed to the delivery room when I was born. Cecilia's father has never been in a labor-and-delivery room, either. She sees the concern in his face and tries to hide her pain. A few days ago, he and I were drinking ports at an Irish pub and showing off grumpy songbooks pictures to the barman. Now we both sit in the end of Cecilia's bed. He massages and loan. I'm going to the other.

Her father tells us they'll be next door in the waiting room, watching the hospital's breast-feeding channel. He says the breast-feeding channel is quite informative. Women with engorged breasts saying their babies to suck. He offers Cecilia breast-feeding tips, and she laughs for the first time all night.

A nurse puts a monitor on Cecilia's belly, and I hear the bops, bops, beep of our son's heartbeats. I watch the glowing red numbers. Novak's 1:30 per minute; it's sleep below 100, before it's done.

"Please, just pass over me," Cecilia begs the next contraction. She clings to the side of the bed, her knuckles white.

She's had to do the mask.

That's on for five more hours.

Cecilia's pain threshold is high, and she's strong from years of yoga, but in the contractions intensity, she's unaccustomed. "This is a whole other universe of pain," she says. After six months pregnant, she was in Texas, shooting a documentary on death row. She'd danced with Martha Graham, danced most of the Swan Lake. Now she can't talk. Only hand signals. She swallows chips.

At 3:00 a.m., I roll up my pants and take Cecilia into the shower. "It will give her relief," she over-promise, and, although I don't understand why, she's right. Soaking about two hours, the bath is hot. I carefully warm water onto Cecilia's back. Afterward, the vomit.

Her work is paying off. At 4:13, the baby's head is almost in position. Cecilia's born in her eighties hours. She finally says for Novak to take the edge off. It will allow the contractions, let her relax to rest.

"Darrin, don't go to sleep. If you're awake, I'll know everything's going to be okay."

I watch her drift off. I think about my father and how dependent he is on my mother. There always have seemed to be that helpless. I have never before imagined to be in at the mercy of love. To be a patient, or truly a patient, is to risk being wholly seen. Until now, I have always tried to step back, to leave a margin to move around in, a shadow where I can hide. I can see the first light outside. The senior resident stops to say goodbye at the end of her twenty-four-hour shift.

We are headed off to the last of the great comfort nurses. Straight out of a MASH unit, she's the doctor's old bed-fighter. "Stay going to have to go home the way you was," she tells Cecilia, swishing so back into the shower. "Keep the door locked," she says. "Your doctor is looking for you."

OUR DOCTORY STAYS IN AT 4:50 AM. LOOKING WELL RESTED. HE says that maybe he was wrong about the C-section. The baby's head is engaged and pressing against Cecilia's cervix. But she needs to dilate an extra centimeter before giving birth. That one more hours more of sweat contractions and pain. His suggestion is to wait her from the waist down.

"I want to be able to feel when it's time to push," Cecilia says.

"You will," the nurse promises. "We were for the epidural."

But the midwife/obstetrician can't get the doses needle into her back. I watch it bleed. He tries again, two centimeters lower. Finally, he gets it right.

Cecilia is fully dilated at 1:00 a.m. The moon is waxing. The nurse flips the surgical light on. THE BLOOD WANTS OUT IT'S TIME.

Our doctor, in scrubs and a blouse, looks like a guy holding the country in Burger King. Cecilia is on his back. Time to push. Time to bring our son into the world! Who—one last thing. Cecilia wears the Rolling Stones t-shirt. I had: Please to meet you, hope you push my money.

Deep breath...Now push...Quack breath...push...Quack breath...push...Now rest. This goes on for an hour.

The doctor picks up a pair of scissars. Sensors. Sticky sensors. Dials, an epipen. He waits to wait for permission to help bring out the baby. Cecilia doesn't want this, she'd rather risk a small cut. She'd rather risk this a hundred times. "The pain is local," he tells the nurse. She ignores him. Given me a week. No questions who's in charge here. He processes, and she processes. And: "We're going to give her a c-section."

He goes down the stairs.

With the next contraction, she, the nurse and I help Cecilia squat on the bed. Now gravity is working, working.

"I feel him coming," Cecilia says. Four pushes later, he's born. A head, arms, legs, a full-term, pale white. "Look at the doctor's glasses," the nurse tells Cecilia. "You can see him coming out." She gives a final push, and now our son's head turns out, downward, into the doctor's hands. He suction it breaths, hungry for me. His body emerges, but his skin looks grey, like death, and I have a moment of genuine panic. But with every breath, he活ens will pulse.

2:30 in. Twenty-eight hours since Cecilia felt the first contraction. And now he's on her chest, his tiny hands reaching toward her face. Her arms around him. Her eyes are big and blue-blaze.

I want to thank the doctor, but I can't speak. He moves around his—no, no, no, no. Cecilia looks more beautiful than ever. The baby is nursing at her breast. Cecilia's labor pains disappear. "A name," he says, lifting her Serotonin cup. "To this wonderful love, a long life, a healthy one, an interesting one, an adventurous one. On the cap of the new century, we raise this wonderful flapper."

Tonight, Cecilia and I will sleep together in the narrow hospital bed, the baby on my chest, seven pounds, seven ounces, the weight of my entire world.



HAGER, FROM LEFT: AND April 2, 1999.

# The Man Who Mis- took His Hat for a Meal

By David Sacks

MY FATHER HAS ALWAYS HAD SOME QUESTIONABLE EATING HABITS, BUT THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS

he says. "I found this brown something-or-other in my suitcase, and I started chewing on it, thinking that maybe it was part of a cookie."

"Had you packed any cookies?" my friend Maya asks.

My father considers this an irrelevant question and brushes it off, saying, "Five don't know that, but that's not the point."

"So you found this thing in your suitcase, and your first instinct was to put it in your mouth?"

"Well, yes," he says. "But the thing is..."

He continues his story, here, aside from my sister and me, but suddenly clangs on what would make any sane adult a considerable writhing block. Why would a full-grown man place a foreign object into his mouth, especially if it was brown and discovered in a rusty old suitcase? It is a reasonable question, partially answered when the coffin arrives and my father slips a handful of sugar

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK BROWN



and the peaks of his sport coat. Had my friends over the black-and-white lying on my bed, they might have understood my father's irony and enjoyed it on my own merit. All I could, however, was a groan when it was over.

For as long as I can remember, my father has saved. He saves money, he saves disfavored stocks that assemble disfavored companies, and, most of all, he saves food. Cheap cookies, sausage because the other places from other people's menus can't hide their things in strange places until they are cornered, and then eat them.

I used to think of this as standard Greek behavior until I realized that even was the only car in the church parking lot consistently surrounded by bags. My father had parked in the track of his car. He did groceries in the vestibule and the laundry room and then wondered where the last car was coming from. Open the cabinet in the master bathroom and, to this day, you will find expand-o-packs of Sanka, a chickory mix that's popular in the last months. Crowded basic logistics networks and rock-ribbed leather rolls, the cans often, demand and last covered, against the infinite sharing for you have ever seen in my life.

There are those who attribute my father's hoarding to being raised during the Depression, but my mother was not one of them.

"Bulldog," she used to say. "It had us much worse than him, but you don't see me hiding bags."

The reference to bags was nothing. My father had shrewdly noticed the consternation of our host who'd be hosting? No one else in the family would have gone anywhere near a bag, regardless of its age. There were never any pecto chips packed in to his food visits, no chocolate bars or marshmallows for gift-givers. The garrison, asked continually throughout our childhood, was: Who is he taking these things from? Aside from the usual visitors and the well-polished serving people in India, we failed to see any present callers. You wouldn't catch our neighbors scribbling mold off their snowshoes, but to no father,

there was nothing so normal that it couldn't be eaten. It was people who were spoiled, not food.

"It's fine," he'd say, watching as a swarm of flies deposited in handfuls onto the decaying flesh of a pineapple. "There's nothing wrong with that. Did you eat it?" And he would, if the price was right. And the price was always right.

Because the hills for which like fresh-picked and somewhat, our mother was defined as a spendthrift. You couldn't trust a party like that, especially in the marketplace, and so, armed with a thick stack of coupons, but rather did I the shopping himself. Accompanying him to the grocery store, my mother and I were encouraged to drink of the produce aisle as an all-you-can-eat buffet. Tarragon, cherries, grapes, and unblended tangos like we used to be the occasion that because they weren't wrapped, these things were free for the taking. The store managers thought differently, and it was always just a matter of time before someone was sent to stop him. The head of the produce department would arrive, and my father, his mouth full of food, would demand to be taken onto the back rooms, a virtual morgue where unsold food rested between death and burial.

Due to the switch and what our mother referred to as "one small scoop of dignity," my sisters and I never entered the back rooms. It seemed best to distance ourselves, and so we would pretend to be other people's children until our father returned bearing delectable fruits and vegetables that bore no resemblance to those he had earlier enjoyed with such a fondness. The message was that if something is free, you should take only the best. As, on the other hand, you're forced to pay, it's best to leave the bar and not see so many.

"Quar your bell-packing," he'd say, raising a family pack of questionable park cloths onto the cart. "Men is supposed to be gray. They doctur up the color for the girls and so forth, but there's no need being sexist there. You'll live."

Ever since learning my father to buy anything on marked down to you ganze sale. Without that orange tag, on this was virtually invisible to him. The problem was that he never associated "quid side" with "immaculate containers." Upon returning from the store, he would put the meat into the freeze, hide his favorite fruits in the bathroom cabinet, and stuff everything else into the cooler. In winter, of course, too little for crisp, but he took the refrigerator drawer items word, ensuring it was capable of freezing the dead and defrosting the live and vibrant, to the point of their lives. Subjected to a few days in his beloved cooler, a name would become as pair and soft as a flossed penis.

"Hey," he'd say. "Smashberry ought to eat this before it goes bad."

He'd take a bite, and the rest of us would snicker at the amateur and observe. Too weak to resist, the snicker quietly surrendered to the force of his jaws. An overcooked hot dog would have made more noise. Wiping the price from his lips, he would insist that this was the best corned beef ever eaten. "You guys don't know what you're missing."

Oh, I think we had a pretty good idea.

Even at our most utilitarian, as though it happened between the two of us, we could understand why someone might be frugal with his children to support. We hoped our father might ease up and learn to wear himself once we all left home, but, if anything, he only gained weight. Nothing will convince him that his famous negative not suddenly reverse, resulting in a diet of fragrant clippings and soups made from fallen leaves and seasoned with flashlight batteries. The master will collapse in the crops will feel breaking areas will

go door-to-door, risking even our confidences, yet my father will tough it out. Rather now and living alone, he continues to eat like a scavenging bird.

We used to return home for Christmas every year, my brother and sister, and I making it a point to call a head, offering to bring whatever was needed for the traditional holiday meal.

"No, I already got the lamb," our father would say. "Grape leaves, phyllo dough, potatoes—just get everything on the list."

"You, but where do you get those things?"

An honest man except when it comes to food, our father would lie, claiming to have just returned from the pastry new Fresh Market.

"Did you get the lamb?" we'd ask.

"Well, sure I did."

"Let me have you stop on."

Come Christmas day, we would fly home to find a log of lamb roasting beneath six inches of frost, the purchase date revealing that it had been bought midway through the Carter administration. Age had already mottled the pauper, the papier leaves loose fat, and it was clear that, when spoken to earlier over the phone, our father had snapped his fingers on imitation of a healthy green bib.

"By the long faucet!" he'd say. "It's Christmas day. Clean up, for Christ's sake."

Tray of ruined sides and perfectly good milk-watching blue-cheese dressing, my family began taking turns hosting Christmas dinner. That year, it was my turn, and those who could afford it joined to join me in Paris. I saw my father's plane at Charles de Gaulle, and as we were walking toward the terminal, a bag of presents fell from the pouch of his suitcase. These were our presents handed out on his return flight that something acquired years earlier, back when all planes had propellers and pilots wore leather helmets and long, flowing scarves.

I picked up the bag and felt its contents crumble and taste to dust. "Give me those, will you?" My father reached the pouch in to his breast pocket, taking them for later.

Back at the apartment, he unpacked. I thought the cat had defecated on my bed until I realized that the clatter on my pillow was not a cat but a shredded black because he had brought all the way to Paris from its hiding place beneath the bath-room sink.

"Huh," my father said. "I'll give you half of it."

He'd brought a pair as well and had wrapped it in a plastic bag so that it wouldn't stain the clothing he had packed the day before but brought home before he was married. As with his food, my father is faithful to his wardrobe. Operating on the assumption that, sooner or later, even the sofa will make a comeback, he holds on to his clothing and continues to wear things long after they've begun to deteriorate.

Included in his suitcase was a battered smiley cap bought in Kansas City shortly after the war. This was the cap that would figure into his story later that night, when we joined my sisters and a few friends at a nice Paris restaurant.

"So," he says. "I found this brown-colored something-or-other in my suitcase, and I never have checked on the thing for a good five minutes, and I realized I was wearing the damn old cap. Can you hear that? A piece of it must have broken off during the fight—but hell, how was I supposed to know what it was?"

My friend Major Beck thinks amazement. "So you literally ate your hat?"

"Well, yes," my father says. "But not the whole thing. I stopped after the first bite."

An similar night check is tripped the practical reasons, but my sisters and I know better. Because he didn't kill him, the cap was proven eligible and would now be honored and appreciated in a different way. No longer considered an article of clothing, it would return to its native land, where it would move from the closet to the bathroom cabinet, joining the ranks of the special to wait for the coming future. ■

## MY FATHER STORY By Roseanne Cash

The summer I was twelve, my father taught me how to play the sitar. It was the first summer we lived in the big house on the hill, near Nashville, and the first summer my mother and I spent in Tennessee since the divorce. We took it out on the boat nearly every day, all day long, throughout a scorchingly hot vacation. I never heard my father sing, but I could tell the sadness and despair he had regard to traveling the water, and then he just started teaching me the sitar and passing the orange peels and avocados. On the second or third day, I stopped and asked, "Dad, you just showed me the saddest况味—on Earth, I have never heard a more tragic or beautiful sound in my life." And that's when he told me he had taught me to play the sitar, because he had a passion for it, and he wanted me to know what he was doing.

One evening, though, something as though it happened between the two of us, he could understand why someone might be frugal with his children to support. We hoped our father might ease up and learn to wear himself once we all left home, but, if anything, he only gained weight. Nothing will convince him that his famous negative not suddenly reverse, resulting in a diet of fragrant clippings and soups made from fallen leaves and seasoned with flashlight batteries. The master will collapse in the crops will feel breaking areas will

M

AD FEST '99  
CARIBBEAN

self. It was a tough time. But they forgave me—on paper. Every time in a while, I get a knock here and there.

And we worked it out so that when my son performed, at least one of us would be there with the kids. Sooner or later one day when they were older, we'd take them with someone so we could do an episode of *Archie Bunker's Place*. We got a call from the guy it was Ben. He said, "Dad, I took solid ten minutes to get home." I was such a naive guy, I didn't know who and was I and him. "Dad, where? When?" was his dad. I blundered a full truth and was sick for two days. He said, "Dad, I'm not talking about your ex-wife." When I got home, he told me she'd left him.

Then it goes to the point where Ben was on his own. We were trying to be as close as we could be, but I had to be very careful with where I lived. I was running bars with no knowing it. He'd say, "Dad, I ran made a \$20 million movie with Jim Carrey—why are you asking me if I'm dressed warm enough?" Hey, I'm still your father. I will not have you take care of yourself! That's a good question. How do you stay in touch with your kids when you're two or three decades away from each other?

I never once asked Ben whether he wanted me on *Sopranos*. I didn't want our relationship to be based on what we do at work. Hard to believe, but it's true. In five years, I never mentioned *Sopranos* to him or Amy. I never want them to think that my life is more important than they are.

My father didn't run out on *Sopranos*, either. His eyes were going bad, and he couldn't watch television. Hey, when a man's a hundred years old, going to the bathroom is a big thing in life—one that you can't do. But the last time I saw him, I was waiting for all my interview when he said, "You survived out past." He was 100 when he said that.

When my father died, I told Ben I didn't want him to come to L.A. for the funeral, because he was finishing a movie. I was worried about stage fright. One audience, I told him, "Don't come in. It'll be okay. Do the walk. Your grandfather would understand." But Ben was there with Amy. He flew out on the red-eye. He did every single thing I asked him to. *Sopranos* that year got 40

R

MY AFFAIR WITH HER

# Jerry Stiller



PHOTOGRAPH BY  
MICHAEL LARKE

My mother was really pushed by my dad to be. My mother didn't know there was a Depression going on. She thought it was just happening over there. She thought he was working—but nobody was taking a job. We hardly lived on the edge.

There was a place a few blocks away where mom came in from Chicago. My mother got a job there, working at midnight, cleaning the blinds that had splintered around the windows. He couldn't do it all alone, so my mother helped him. The reason I knew this is one night I got up and they weren't at home. Where's my mommy and daddy? I'm seven years old. How could my mommy and daddy leave me in the middle of the night?

What else could they do? They had to support us. Soozy (being her name), her mom, because my father just died and their church comes back in a strange way. He was 102. I was working in L.A., trying to get back to New York because I knew he wasn't doing well, but . . .

My father once told me, "If you're going to show business, be a tragedian. At least you'll work every night." He didn't think I was good enough so he was Eddie Cantor or a Jack Palance. He never laughed at anything I did, which was worse because everything I did came from him. Maybe he was protecting me. It was that way with my mother, too.

Strangely enough, now, the woman I married, never asked me to go out and make a living. She was an actress. She used, "Hey, I didn't marry you for riches or for status or brawn." I guess I picked the right woman. The only one things you remember was when he was the last one.

I'd gotten a job on a train that paid enough for the doctor's bills. The train used to stop right before Amy was supposed to be born, but the car four doors early. As I finished the last show, I got the call, "What could I do? I was making a living." Ben? Miserable, too. I was working. He was also born too soon. These kids have always accepted me as a dad and won't ever. They perceive me as a dad and won't ever. The probably blocking it out, because he was the worst of all (excesses). Amy was by her-

# The Blood Runs Like a River

Through My  
Dreams

TOMMY BOOTHING FANCY  
HE WAS A FISHERMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAYMOND WOODS

By Nasdij



Tommy Boothing Fancy, March 2011



# M

THE MAN SMOKED HIS JAMES. I'm glad he gave you a joke with that. You know what it means to smoke James? It's a beautiful, lovely, gorgeous lady who gives you a lot of love, attention, and sex. It means you're in the wrong goddamn apartment.

It helps to have a sense of humor. But let's face it: we don't have one. Because we're kind of down, right? After everything that happened, Tom, or Ringo... I couldn't sleep for six months. I was down our entire life, another. All my life I ended up getting hurted pretty. Now I make people laugh. Helps get me through the day.

So you wanna know about my father? One day when I was a kid, I come home crying. Some older kid took my sandwich and banged me around some. My father slapped me, gave me an ice pack, and said, "Hoss, hit him back with that! Don't never run away from nobody. If you ever come home crying again, I'll beat the crap out of ya. Ya understand?"

A few days later, those kids popped up on our door and were going at the pretty girl when I recognized what my father told me. I caught one of them with the ice pack across the shins, ripped his skin, and when the kid lets me bleed, you should have heard their screams as they ran away. I guess you could say my father and power up the blood made me a fighter.

People tell me how to take a punch all day 'n' it's like catching a baseball or a basketball. When the ball comes along to you, hand, you've got the given hand and take 80 percent of the power away at you cards. Same thing on a fight. The trick is to see the punch coming, then move with it. If I took all those punches mind, believe me, I wouldn't be speaking to you tomorrow.

That reminds me of the one about Rocky Graziano. When Rocky fought Tony Zale, Tony had his son on the canvas. His manager kept yelling to Rocky, "Stay down all night! Stay down all night!" And Rocky says, "Uhoh, what time is it now?"

You like that one?

The sides, they help keep my mind off everything else. happened with my son. I

mean, I'm away, and I think about a. But sometimes I get caught off guard. Like passing by before you can see the punches coming. Sometimes I'm telling my jokes and I can hear myself laughing. All of a sudden I can't talk right. At night, I go alone and I can't sleep. Both of us sons in some trouble. Nobody lives forever, I suppose. But why? Why?

In a way, I blame myself for Jack. He was always complaining about pains in his stomach. He should have taken care of it. We went to Paris one time, and we had to stay the cat, but had such embarrassing pains, but he didn't believe in doctors. She [Jackie] didn't believe in doctors. I told her, "This is something important. It's no black eye." When Jackie's trying to save you, you have to listen. As the months passed, he started to change, on gray pillow. I told him, "Go to the doctor!" But it was too late. Cancer. He never should have died.

And Joe—that was, that was, that was... I blame myself for it. If I never went to Switzerland, he never would have gone, either. We came home. Then he decided to go back down the business. My lawyer was supposed to be on the same flight, Survivor 135, but at the last minute my lawyer didn't go. Then the plane went down, and my lawyer called me and told me that Joe was dead.

After the crash, I got calls from all over. Mervyn Geduld. The pope of New York wanted to meet me—what's his name, O'Connor? They had a service at St. Patrick's Cathedral. People would stop me in the street—man, woman, looking out, asking me how sorry they feel. I never got hands and hands full of letters. So much bad happening that is older seen on the one right away. I thought I took a risk. I don't know. Maybe I was a shock. See, I'm pillars, you know? Not to these absentees.

You see that guy over there? The boss. He wasn't bad; my pillow had a dream about him, but he always laughs. I got the type of jokes you could tell over and over and people keep laughing. You wanna have some more? The greatest pleasure I get now is making people laugh.

But if I start laughing when I tell you, you know why?

PHOTOGRAPH BY  
RODOLFO MASTRANGI

# Lake Amotta





MY FATHER, THE

# Bachelor

HE WAS A BEAUTIFUL MAN,  
AND HE HAD ALL THE ATTRIBUTES  
THAT MAKE FOR A GREAT  
MARRIAGE. WHEN HE DIED,  
WOMEN CRIED.  
SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF MANKIND.

By Martha Sherrill

There were a lot of women to call after he died. The old girlfriends I knew of, she ones in San Francisco, were easy to find. They were a part of my life. I'd lost track of, like older sisters who'd gone every so college and never come back. They were all serious and kind. They were independent. They had big eyes, soft, early hair, and slight overbites. They tended to be half Jewish—particular name of his. One of them had begged him to marry. Only one of them I didn't approve of. And there's one—my father's ex-wife—who remains the sweetest kept with her, and I believe her, but she was definitely a girlfriend anyway. She comes to the house a lot at the end—comes to his sanctuary of glass at the top of the Mason Headlands—and always brings food and made her laugh, and I'd see them coming up on the chain in the living room, holding hands and looking out over Richardson Bay. It's always been hard to explain to people, but it's such just isn't any father with this—which is why the word "playboy" doesn't capture what he was exactly, or even fully—was it women? My father loved women in every way and generally in the plural.

Some were unknown to me, acquaintances in a thin black address book that he kept in his nightstand—women who'd moved away or married, women who wouldn't catch anyone. I hadn't married. I know them only by the nicknames he gave them. There were Crazy Girl and Mrs. Wohlbom and Madame X (Lauran, inexplicably, she became Stump Jim); he had one called Neighbor Friend.

And there was Blue Icon. I had never met her, nor heard much

about her again after he died—my brother and I spent a bonfire last trying to remember it. After going over every page of the black address book four or five times, I noticed a blue sticker note with the scribbled word "Icon" and a phone number with a San Francisco area code, and I called it. A quiet voice answered the phone. "Hello?"

"Hello . . . this is Martha Sherrill. I'm the daughter of Peter Gould."

"Hello!"

"I've called to say that he died Wednesday morning."

"Goddam . . . I was afraid of that."

We spoke of details, the whereabouts and knowns of his deathbed happened at home, with my brother, after only one night of not being able to breathe. I had a similar dream where the kinds of things my girlfriends wanted to have, as a way to feel they were with him, too, on the road. It wasn't so bad, I said fast. He was lucky. He had always been lucky.

"I think now he's very much."

"Me, too," I said.

"Who will talk to now?"

"Dad," I said. "Twenty about that, me."

He called me every day for twenty years, sometimes more than once. It wasn't always convenient. It wasn't always compelling. He was a monologuer, a bit like a man who had many words for the many names we, as children, used to call him.

We talked about books we were reading. We talked about bad eggs and parsnips. We talked about whatever bad TV show he'd become hooked on (in the last year, he watched *Dallas* Day). We talked about things that I was writing—he always asked to have the opening part, graphic. Macabre, that is not, though, though the conversation seemed to have to do with topics—the scuttled career of tennis player Mansour, the genius of Glenn Gould and of Michael J. Fox, the greatness of movie actress S. S. Strudwick, and more. He liked talking about love. He was a great proponent of love, a student of feelings, a student on the relationship puzzle—and he'd start marathoning on the phone about it. He had real intimacy from every angle, it seemed, and had reached a fine important conclusion about life and loss—namely that marriage was a very bad idea, and women needed to be rescued from it.

There was a woman friend from work a silver Lanes Flies who was rescued and became his steady girlfriend for many years. There was a dark, mysterious beauty, a computer programmer, who was also rescued and became one of the rare women allowed to move into his house. There was also a former Chanel model, whose marriage to an aristocrat had gone south.



PETER GOULD IN HIS YOUTH. PHOTO BY RICHARD STONE

there was Malone X, whose husband was so sick the couple refused to be buried so near her (a devastating blow).

It wasn't always winter, even though he had more time off than she. He was leading them to liberation and a kind of enlightenment, but I'd imagined himself in some kind of one-man empowerment machine, spending hours on the phone with his losses, offering advice and counsel, helping them extract themselves, helping them to be brave. When a relationship wasn't working and growing—anybody's relationship—he was quick to inquire: it was time to move on. "It's like splitting up," he'd say as I lay on the edge of his bed, despondent over the end of a brief marriage we'd just called the "friendship phase," and later, when I was troubled over the avoidance of a long romance with Christian Sawyer. "A relationship outgrows the person you first fell in love with, and eventually the two of you will decide to refocus. All relationships need to be evaluated; it's time to come and allow for change. You have to explore them. And at some point you'll need to repeat, and out of what you've learned, there's still energy left in the pile."

I could tell him in the end of my relationships that the other women might call them great. He just bent over, said, "I'm sorry," and this was so good that people will think me lacking in such depthly discussed by breakups, he asked pertinent questions, seemed pleased no matter all the day-to-day ruminations and sorrows and second thoughts, and laughed with me over reminiscences. It was a fine family, but, in general, Dad wasn't a very good listener.

## MY FATHER STORY

### By Scott Carrier

With stories, art, and people, getting to know his dad is a joyful, bittersweet exercise. Here, his daughter reflects on the man who was always there to teach her the difference between love and loss.

#### OBITUARY INFORMATION

The author's father died in 1998. For information on death notices and obituaries, see [www.usatoday.com/life/death](http://www.usatoday.com/life/death).

#### MEMORIALS

For details on how to contribute to a memorial fund or service, contact the author at [scottcarrier@juno.com](mailto:scottcarrier@juno.com).

"I don't want to be here," he'd say, and I'd nod, and he'd add, "but I want to be here." And then he'd look at me and say, "I'm not good at being here."

#### OBITUARY NOTES

"I don't want to be here," he'd say, and I'd nod, and he'd add, "but I want to be here." And then he'd look at me and say, "I'm not good at being here but I understand little life."

In those days, we ate lunch at our desks in office. Someone would eat cereal, and the rest of us would have muffins and tea. There was no coffee, and no one seemed to care. I worked at Stanford, he was finally like much, he left us to become the theoretical figure that he was always meant to be, Igneus, the centralization of people that he saw in himself. The historian, the academic, the ardent atheist, and the brother who smoked very good dogs and hamster nipples and drove a monocycle around his North Beach neighborhood. Throughout the decades, he sent letters to my mother, continuing to explain: "I dig the kids," he wrote. "I really do." But he never needed to explain it to me, although he kept trying. After he left, he was happy, free, relieved, and his back stopped giving out. He fashioned a person out of his dreams and, I think, a better father for his sons, Jason and Anna Finch and Lawrence of Alcatraz all rolled into one.

He needed to go away, "to get his doctorate at Stanford," he said finally. Like much, he left us to become the theoretical figure that he was always meant to be, Igneus, the centralization of people that he saw in himself. The historian, the academic, the ardent atheist, and the brother who smoked very good dogs and hamster nipples and drove a monocycle around his North Beach neighborhood. Throughout the decades, he sent letters to my mother, continuing to explain: "I dig the kids," he wrote. "I really do." But he never needed to explain it to me, although he kept trying. After he left, he was happy, free, relieved, and his back stopped giving out. He fashioned a person out of his dreams and, I think, a better father for his sons, Jason and Anna Finch and Lawrence of Alcatraz all rolled into one.

When it came to occasion, though, he grew very quiet and watchful, as if every word he thought were precious references in order to assure a final audience. (For many years, he made his living as an expert in public-opinion polling.) And when a love affair ended, his advice was this: "You have to let yourself feel bad. You have to be around and cry, probably with the person you are leaving. You can let out and give the ending, the parting, and honor how all great passion will eventually dissolve into love."

At the memorial service, his grandchildren came alone—without the men they'd started down with on mission. Eight of them attended themselves, his brown cardigan soft for a group photo, arms around the shoulder, grinning. There wasn't an eye to sight. My mother, who had the terrible misfortune of raising this fabulous man, sent flowers.

These were news: any pictures of my brother and me in his brother's armchair, and, later, there were none in his sleek bachelor home in North Beach (there were four flowers lying on a chair's seat, and only one bud/blossom) or in that last house on Webster Ridge. Morning was the morning and someone's failure of his love, and it still hung around like his shadow.

He once told me that, if he had to sit it all over again, he would have had my brother and me. He liked us to shadow ourselves, make them invisible. I went quick to question him: "You wouldn't want to have me and Natalie?" I asked him.

"I'd want to have people like you in my life," he said, back-pedaling. "But I wouldn't necessarily want you in my children."

I knew where he was going with this. He was hard being a good father when you weren't a good husband. The way the world is set up, the good husband—that Once Upon a Time guy, the dross, married-with-woman-esteem-and-Lake-tahoe-exercise guy—was also the good father. And it was this sort of man and that sort of man that my father lied in 1966 when he left the suburbs of Glendale, California, where he and my mother had recently landed. He had lied, maybe even lied his heart, but he had really been thinking anybody but himself—the sort of father who never ate the pool-winning fish soup, who picked up the phone the once-dusted as the liveliest Mayan, a hat, glove, undershirt, and his hair wrapped in an Aca-bonnet. He didn't apologize. He played his tambourine alone in the living room after dinner and passed used the muscle of his thigh. He disliked conversation and enjoyed being rebellious. He shunned women wages and even ran with hookers, spicing himself for a 1953 white Corvette. And one afternoon toward the end of the marriage, when we were \$100 in the hole, he showed up with a new Triumph motorcycle. When my mother announced that we weren't allowed to ride with him, he bought little helmets for my brother and me and kept them hidden in the basement.

He needed to go away, "to get his doctorate at Stanford," he said finally. Like much, he left us to become the theoretical figure that he was always meant to be, Igneus, the centralization of people that he saw in himself. The historian, the academic, the ardent atheist, and the brother who smoked very good dogs and hamster nipples and drove a monocycle around his North Beach neighborhood. Throughout the decades, he sent letters to my mother, continuing to explain: "I dig the kids," he wrote. "I really do." But he never needed to explain it to me, although he kept trying. After he left, he was happy, free, relieved, and his back stopped giving out. He fashioned a person out of his dreams and, I think, a better father for his sons, Jason and Anna Finch and Lawrence of Alcatraz all rolled into one.

He needed to go away, "to get his doctorate at Stanford," he said finally. Like much, he left us to become the theoretical figure that he was always meant to be, Igneus, the centralization of people that he saw in himself. The historian, the academic, the ardent atheist, and the brother who smoked very good dogs and hamster nipples and drove a monocycle around his North Beach neighborhood. Throughout the decades, he sent letters to my mother, continuing to explain: "I dig the kids," he wrote. "I really do." But he never needed to explain it to me, although he kept trying. After he left, he was happy, free, relieved, and his back stopped giving out. He fashioned a person out of his dreams and, I think, a better father for his sons, Jason and Anna Finch and Lawrence of Alcatraz all rolled into one.

come to visiting Cary Grant." But he was never that physical or athletic, or even muscular. He was six foot four and swifly, vaguely brooding, and vaguely leery, a man who crossed his long stock legs like Jerry from *Mighty*. When he was young, his hair was blue black and his face was long, his features open, his manner efficient and amiable. "Tom father is the most handsome man I've ever seen," his twin mother still said, "and also the most selfish." As a child, I watched the mothers of my young friends stumble over words while they spoke to him. Later, I watched my high school girls smile and call him "Tommy" (he dropped out late)—and walk up with infectious enthusiasm at their feet. These were various phases of his prodigal youth—but full-bloom gave way to angular leg joints, Black leather was replaced by shortening, his dark-blue three-piece suit became tattered. His hair turned white and whited. In the last few years, he had a porpoise held back with a thin rubber band and he looked like Thomas Jefferson. And at the grand finale, stretched out at bed with his hands crusted over the chest, he still looked so good—so honest and wretched, so beautiful. But—*but*—I found myself gaping in surprise: "Look at you, Dad. You're not so judgmental, honest, and you're dead!" I quizzed him, but he just shrugged, quite windsorized now. Most of us writers did, except maybe the ones he met and killed.

After he left my mother, he would never marry again. And he would never have more children. "I married a glamorous opera star," he announced, "and she was a hausfrau." It was a way of life that was abhorrent to him—an ab horner that he was vocal about, usually in epithets. He could be harsh, cynical, opinionated—and a dreadful math. And, maybe like all parents, he never stopped wishing that his children were more like him. He would have been a way to know, finally, that we approved of him, that we were derived and chose to carry on the new family tradition of self-delusion. There would be sports cars and motorcycles, Robin wreaths, holly garlands, and xmas guitars. There would be large renovation projects on very modest houses that we couldn't afford. There would be a birth of Vivien Clapton on the cήρημα of all of them. There would be black limousines driven by out-of-work taxi drivers. There would be ranch trips from forest service, river, and trail. And there would be black limousines driven by out-of-work taxi drivers. There would be a need for plastic surgery, calisthenics, reconstructive plastic surgery, a fifth pitcher, and triple X�evis on the umbrella stand. And there would be silver ruffles born entwined and a ring of flowers losing an inch in the real estate, as each more wonderful and losing and exotic and accomplished than the last, more of which had ever possessed an embryo.

"I like being a public inspiration," my father used to say. "Don't you?"

He was always vaguely horrified by my instinct for settling into cozy houses and comfortable relationships and by my considering marriage. And I was always vaguely horrified by the

way he acted how sea-sons with my boyfriends and by the Egon Schiele nudes with amputee hair on the walls in his bedroom. He wondered aloud why I wasn't interested in older men—"But Marsha, every year is the perfect age difference!"—and I always feared that one of my girlfriends would become one of his, al though a wistful beauty, instead, who became an accomplished artist that he adored. I came to respect his and his wife's. And he came to respect mine. I stopped being embarrassed by her—but his attachment to the old school and by the John Wayne panel of a naked woman with a giant frog hopping out of his crack that hung in the front door continually. I had forgotten all about that, but I was singing—she called him Howard—but perhaps that was a more pressing reason. With his death so imminent, he wanted to make sure I had someone to talk to after he was gone. "I've tried to hang on long enough," his old self was saying his last year, "to make sure you and your brothers were looked after."

There were a lot of women to meet after he died. Neighbor friend named up at her funeral service—she'd been dead since 1971 (I never knew)—had found me right away. "I loved your father," she said. Her eyes were large and wet. Her teeth were hanging there like a theater balcony. A line of beautiful young girls had her coffee made in the front row of the service with shakily laced lips and balled up noses. "He was my guardian angel," one never-local said. "Your father really helped me through some things," and in other, vaguer. "He made me feel good about myself."

Another girl told me about how down to earth my father was, about how he'd talk to anybody if it was about him. This was 1998, no big. She told me a story about a new neighbor who was



SCOTT CARRIER

had while Dad was tall and thin, after a few months, said, "When that guy left, disappointed man with the silver hair? He always comes and talks to me about his life."

"That's Fred Sherrill," she would say. "He runs the cemetery." "Don't tell me which girl is the necrophilia," I said, looking as if I need to get a grip on myself. "I should be able to point her out."

Mostly his brother spoke at the service—in his friend's old bus, his partner at the software business he'd started in the last decade of his life, and his brothers ("I'm the only son of Peter Sherrill..."), as well as I. I was an adult and a father now. Another woman, an old colleague of Dad's, got up and spoke. She didn't say father in the early sentences, she said. He came into her office and the first thing he said to her, on introductions, was, "I hear you're still a widow." She was a bit surprised and didn't know what to say. "Don't worry," my father said. "Everyone there were lots of love letters to save (continued on page 144)

# THE OTHER KIND OF FATHER

SIX MEN OF THE CLOTH SHOW OFF SOME

**THE OTHER KIND OF FATHER**  
SIX DECEMBER 27TH SHOW

"THERE ARE A LOT OF YOUNG MOTHERS RAISING CHILDREN BY THEMSELVES; THERE JUST AREN'T AS MANY FATHERS. AROUND THE BEST I CAN DO TO TRY AND PREVENT THIS FROM CONTINUING IS TO TEACH YOUNG MEN ACCOUNTABILITY AND RESPONSIBILITY. A FATHER MUST SUPPORT HIS CHILDREN, NOT SIMPLY WALK AWAY."

<http://www.sciencedirect.com>

"I DON'T MIND BEING CALLED 'FATHER' IN CHURCH, BUT I DON'T RUN A PAROCHIAL PARISH. I AM BLESSED TO BE A PART OF THEIR LIVES, TO BE ABLE TO GIVE MY LIFE TO THEM. I LOST MY OWN CHILD—IT WAS THE GREATEST HADDOCK OF MY LIFE—AND I KNOW THAT AS A PARENT, THE GREATEST GIFT I COULD HAVE GIVEN HIM WAS MY LIFE FOR HIS."

*—Julian P. Dickey, M.D., Mayo's Infectious Disease*





"MY WIFE IS FOUR MONTHS PREGNANT, SO I'M GOING TO BE A REAL FATHER PRETTY SOON. AS CHAPLAIN AT AN INDEPENDENT SCHOOL, I SEE 330 KIDS ON A DAILY BASIS, SO I'VE GOT A HEAD START WITH THIS FATHERHOOD BIT. I LEARN AS MUCH AS I TEACH, AND IT'S THAT PARTNERSHIP THAT GIVE AND TAKE—THAT'S WHAT FATHERHOOD'S ALL ABOUT."

—Adam Carolla, *Comedian* (St. John's Park)

Download single track download (54.99) by Reminisce Code: wmtt-0010 (5.225) by Joseph Armand



"I GAVE THE SERVICE FOR MY FATHER'S FUNERAL, AND I INCLUDED THE SERMON BY TELLING THE STORY OF THE TIME AS A YOUNG CHILD, I HAD A VERY SERIOUS EAR INFECTION, AND THE PHYSICIAN CAME TO THE HOUSE TO SEE ME, BUT HE MADE NO AMESTHESIA. HE THEN TOLD ME TO GRAB HIS THUMBS AND SQUEEZE AS HARD AS I COULD. TO THIS DAY, I CAN'T REMEMBER FEELING ANY PAIN. I JUST REMEMBER MY FATHER'S TWO THUMBS."

—John McElroy, *St. Louis* (Wayne Duvall)

Download single track download (54.99) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label



"AFRICA MEANT TEACHER  
HE SHOULD BE A TEACHER AND  
LACK OF FATHER FIGURES.  
MUNINITY IS OFTEN DUE TO THE  
SYSTEM CHOPS THEM UP BEYOND  
CHANGES IN SOCIETY. MR.  
KAREN RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE  
HELP TO BRING INTO THE WORLD."  
—KAREN LEE, [www.karenlee.org](http://www.karenlee.org)

© 2001, Gannett Co., Inc.



"IF WE SPEND JUST ONE DAY CELEBRATING  
THE FATHERS OR THE MOTHERS, FOR THAT  
MATTERS NOT, I THINK, IT WOULD  
MARKED THE POINT WHERE FATHER SHOULD  
WORK HARD AND COME HOME EVERY NIGHT  
AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON. A GOOD FATHER  
IS THERE FOR HIS KIDS DAY AFTER DAY."  
—KAREN LEE, [www.karenlee.org](http://www.karenlee.org)

2001 © Gannett Co., Inc. All rights reserved.  
Printed in U.S.A. by Color Printers, Inc.  
For more information see page 24.

Esquire's

# Things a Man Should Know About Fatherhood

Don't worry, your dad didn't know what he was doing, either.

No—no—not that topic.

Second thoughts, maybe you should worry.

Never tell anybody that you and your wife are "young."

We really don't need the stinkin', that's why.

Never call anybody where your kid was conceived. Just say it took, or whatever song was playing.

Go out and buy your wife other clothes, because your powers of interest. If you're one of the solar system, planets, plants, animals, or current television stars.

Your child at birth already has a deeply ingrained desire to entertain, and after the first year, if he's still with you, you are only a curiosity. For a couple of years after that, an encyclopedic park ride train, a rockstar.



Assuming that his lower lip is popped out, not pursed, relax.

It is nothing wrong with thumb sucking, which helps ease the pain of teething.

Nevertheless, it probably ought to stop—immediately.

Sleep through it mostly. Except when it's having trouble in the air-until-deck (see baby's head) or if he's been up all night, in which case, take him, bathe him, or console him.

You know how they say you'll get used to diapers? You won't.

Unless you wear them a lot.

Raising children to be toilet-trained makes them better adults.

Children begin saying "soil" when they tire of their toilet-training booties.

Of course, this is long, very long, after you've had it.

The attack of crawling usually begins between six months and twelve months.

Standing, usually between nine and twelve months.

Walking, between twelve and fifteen months.

The onset of "terrible twos" with all attendant chaos, is roughly within the same time frame.

You know how they say you'll get used to diapers? You won't.

Unless you wear them a lot.

Raising children to be toilet-trained makes them better adults.

Children begin saying "soil" when they tire of their toilet-training booties.

Of course, this is long, very long, after you've had it.

Avoid walkers, not only because they can be dangerous, but because they're not good for your child's balance and thus extend his walking progress.

Remembering are better than never preggers.

Insuring girls are better. They're less likely to get arrested.

The threat of an unadvised contraceptive measure more effective than abstinence.

Avoids of child predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Arrests of priest predators. Hand them over to someone.

That was spoken. Had a pic.

Children of two strict parents are more likely to become terrorists.

Let them take reasonable risks.

A few times in the long run are just as important as the scars left by hammering, or ticks, or preparation for risks, as well cross-fit contests.

The most common cause of fatal injury among kids between five and ten is car accidents, which is to say, leave them home. And buckle them in.

Try to lock them in every night, too.



When changing diapers, avoid baby powder...as, it can irritate their skin.

When changing diapers, definitely don't avoid the Beside-the-Bedroom Sink.

It never hurts to videotape the baby-sitter.

Especially if it's her mom.

Again, don't avoid the baby-sitter, if you have one, if she's a good baby-sitter.

Because boys are better. They look more impressive than girls.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be mean, or to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Have more than ever. Didn't move into a place without four tickles.

Children's hobbies to try quickly in the bed during, seeking scratch-book collections.

Teach your child's earliest walk will teach your kid words, introduce him to shapes and give him gifts of dreams, archery sets, and possibly earaches.

It is, of course, your natural right to exert the above-negative influences on your offspring...unless...



Using a telephone is fine, but don't let him talk.

On the other hand, they do remember everything.

Same stories.

New bedroom-door jamms a foot. Your bathroom door's sams a door jam.

Lock doors, especially the front door.

Before entering, in the direction of a young child's bedroom, remember the herbs to use for pleasure for parents.

When changing diapers, definitely don't avoid the Beside-the-Bedroom Sink.

It never hurts to videotape the baby-sitter.

Especially if it's her mom.

Again, don't avoid the baby-sitter, if you have one, if she's a good baby-sitter.

Because boys are better. They look more impressive than girls.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because girls are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

Because boys are better. They're less likely to be a bitch.

If the real response to this question is no, try this instead: "Do you think your dad is cool?"

Parents and us are the original adults, but check the facts to be absolutely sure.

Because boys are better. Boys start talking later than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

The above could prove useful in your dog's training.

Comics sound, that's why.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because boys are better. Boys talk earlier than girls.

Because girls are better



DIARY  
OF  
A  
FAT  
MAN

BY SCOTT RAAB

It took five years of sitting on my ass and eating anything that couldn't outrun me to get me to a miserable three bills. It took six months of sweat to set me straight.

**THAT'S ME IN THE PICTURE.** WAS ME. IS ME. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A BIG, A thick-skinned, large-muscled man like my daddy; we're tall and around one hundred pounds, slow about, a power lifter. Not a bad athlete, but never a great guy.

Now I was getting fat, but not that fat. My knees would hurt when I got out of the car, and I had become a cranky bastard even on a good day, and I kept walking down big mounds of fresh

cow droppings—any which came near off-twenty pounds overweight and an around-gangsta pound or two a month for five years until he winds up in my shorts—but my first reaction felt a little like one. The X-rays of my ribs were negative. I got my pills and went home. It was a hot day and a slow haul up the stairs to our second-floor apartment. I took a couple of Tylenol, grabbed the phone, and ordered a large pizza. I felt horns already, but not that much and not for long.

**THIS STORY ISN'T REALLY ABOUT** losing weight, nor is it one. I've lost many pounds since then—Jesus, I hope you're not seeing that much tonnage—but my road from the start was both smoother and harder than I initially imagined. My goal was to cease "to get off my ass." To accelerate the systems of fitness and off-bloating, which I'd long taken for granted, and to meet the challenges of muscle. I never set out to lose a number of pounds, only to move and overthink and to keep moving and overthinking. I was so huge that I truly didn't care about losing weight, doing rows, or looking good; I just didn't want to feel that shabby anymore.

Terribly search-committable with the idea of a personal trainer at the weird, too-yippified and who-the-fuck needs to pay some one-to-help-walk-up-a-slope? But it was imperative. I knew I needed help. Who? Nothing a trainer could do would be half as good as a point-high gym-class rock check. As far as preparation, I already drank Starbucks coffee, drove a nice Buick, and wore a Rolex. Which left money, the ultimate red herring. It's more fulfilling to commit paying for expert instruction and rapport. Why pay for car repair or coaching or psychotherapy or surgery? When your own well-being is at stake, it comes far more to find yourself about your needs, your fitness, and your level of performance.

Don't waste until you're desperate. Forget about the Pack the money. Better you should invest in yourself. My energy and self-confidence have grown much faster than my biceps. I've become a better writer, colleague, friend, and husband, and I will even invent. What's all that worth in dollars and cents?

Could I have done as much as quickly without a personal trainer? You know, none. I did the work and earned a nice portion of self-respect, but without the help of these patient and devoted teachers—John Berendes and Claude Wilkins



most of it pretty damned good, and buying larger and larger clothes, but, hell, I wasn't about to tell myself I was gorgeous.

Then, last summer, I hurt myself while coughing, pulled something in my rib cage. The pain of breathing was so intense that I went to the doctor for some X rays and pain pills. I got on the scale in his exam-room before he walked in: 381.

There goes one, baby. That ain't that fat, that's real fat. I'm

in yourself! My energy and self-confidence have grown much faster than my biceps. I've become a better writer, colleague, friend, and husband, and I will even invent. What's all that worth in dollars and cents?

Could I have done as much as quickly without a personal trainer? You know, none. I did the work and earned a nice portion of self-respect, but without the help of these patient and devoted teachers—John Berendes and Claude Wilkins

of Fitness by Design in New York City, and Anne Jenkins, my friend in Philly—I might be phoning Partake Pizza for a large special right now. These guys taught me that, whenever the goal, what matters is to plug away at it. One plus one makes two. How fat I was for how far you are to become the point.

**WHAT FOLLOWS IS WORD FOR WORD FROM THE JOURNAL I HOPE I DATED** this spring. It is the Diary of a Fat Man, written both in the fat I added notes where I thought they might help.

**B/6/98** MET WITH JOHN BERENDES. HE TOLD ME HE'S BEFORE YOU as a coach while we talked about eating. I mentioned pants he wore: "Eat what your wife eats," he told me, very matter-of-fact. End of discussion. He writes it set me tomorrow, and Saturday, too. And Sunday.

Weighted in at 309 & 40. Of course, I had shoes on.

I got on the treadmil for ten or fifteen minutes, walking and jogging. Then he got some leg-thin gloves on my legs and put some target gloves on his hands, and I spent myself—I couldn't have been more than a minute or two—pushing at his hands. We walked back and forth in the gym until I caught my breath. Then he stood on a beach and had me punch up at the target gloves—two thousand, maybe. Walked some more. Then we spinned. I got one weary spunk. We walked a little bit, then I got back on the treadmil.

I'm sore. My legs, my arms. But I feel good. Barred good.

My first day at the gym was also my forty-sixth birthday. I ate no cake, although my mother-in-law sent a nice box of sugar cookies and brownies. You can't go wrong giving a fat man food!

John is a no-holds-bar guy, about twelve and one, very intense about the bar by a couple of inches, and slubbed with muscle. If I had detected even the most minute of condescension or contempt in his first ten—and, believe me, I was listening for anything like that—he would've called me aside, taking off his shirt and jeans and completely out of place. John's not a gym rat; this is all over again.

**B/8/98** THE WORKOUT TODAY WAS STRONGER THAN THE FIRST, AND SO ON. I treadmed, a titillatingly stretching upper grade—6 percent, 7 percent, 6 percent. Some low weight cuts, forward and reverse. In front of the mirror. Slapping the heavy bag, slapping the heavy bag. I met Claude, who held the bag. He's very nice. I liked him quite a couple of times. Friends forever.

Then pronging time. Like I tell you about pronging cope. It paid me off. I got angry with John and Claude, frustrated and embarrassed. I could feel my come galloping up and dropping down like a ton of god.

"Lend on your toes," John said. I didn't have the breath to tell him to goddamn himself, but I mean-as hell angry. "You have feet?" he asked. Very. "She do I," he said. Then responded, I finished with seven in a row.

Who Are These Authors Asking Me to Do Things That Are Hard for Me to Do?

My answer, for now: I am a strong person to do things that are hard for me to do. They're helping me.

**B/9/98** IT IS 5:15 A.M. WE WENT TO BED AROUND 1:30. RUTH NEVER seemed to get deep into sleep. Maybe here had something to do with it. We went to a studio in Newark. I am like a ferret base, buffallo, rabbit. Honey, rice, all of it. I know. From some of that on the radio.

Am I serious about following directions here? Am I?

Worked out at 5:30 with Claude, mainly treadmil, with spouts of pronging at the target gloves, the heavy bag, the gloves again. I was drenched in sweat, literally slopping.

My left bony knee, and my right knee buck. And just feel good.

I started working in the dark there. After only a couple of sessions at the gym, I feel much better, physically and mentally, even with the insomnia. But I was drowsed by my strict goals and disciplines, by working out with guys whose fitness levels were way beyond



my assistant's, and by the long road ahead of me. All that, plus the habit of gluttony, led to the last dark page that night. I was trying repeat and paying homage to my hardened resistance to sleepless. I was also asking John, who takes every minute at the gym by asking me what I'd like the day before.

**B/10/98** I WALK FOR BREAKFAST ON THE 7 IN LISA AND I SPEND AN hour with John yesterday. He was upset about the orders, angry and hurt. "What you do to yourself is bad enough," he said, "but I'm working with you now—don't do that to me." He's absolutely right. Going about there's not like walking into a coach house on the third day of class.

He worked me hard on the treadmil and the heavy bag. I get prong spouts at myself whining away. John advised me to hold on to their anger, to use it when I find myself confronted with a decision about pronging again.

In Denver, I'll carry water and lug John's equipment in to him because a propane tank would kill the hotel over there.

**Beng a magazine writer has its advantages—travel, adventure, freedom—but this year traveling around the world has been going on the road for a year. Try flying coach is uncomfortable! Try flying it at 8000-foot altitude? Not good; you can also be embarrassed! Try landing yourself out of a high-yellow helicopter on St. Barts in the middle of the ocean while Nicolas Cage stands there watching your abdomen above you. You think watching your ass is enough at home? Try cabin service and the dealing from inside the pedestal and all of it is torture an airplane!**

I think: You're traveling in sympathy, but not.

I should also note here that I am Beaureau, my wife, is a fit and healthy woman who has always exercised regularly and eats sensibly. She had no idea where we met that I was a growing boy. John seemed to insist her to make over that she understood and supported our undertaking. So did she understand this, and she would?

**8/14/98 DENVER WAS GOOD WATER APPLES**, however. My first and last room-service meal was breakfast Tuesday morning and two-milk bar muffins. The waiter sir announced, the muffins served cold! I wolfed the meal—Monday night, Tuesday morning, Tuesday night, and Wednesday morning, a mile each time. I checked in by phone with John every day.

More significant—my energy level and focus were good. My level of self-consciousness was down. Even on the plane, I felt comfortable.

Wednesday and today, I spent an hour with John. He weighed me standing back-to-back yesterday and said he was happy. Then he put me on the scale, running for thirty to forty-five seconds at a time, broken up by walking or a 15-second grade. There he had me on the floor, doing crunches.

The crunches were hard, and they hurt. When I turned up an exchange, John didn't count it. Did I gain weight? Yes! Did I feel good all around? You bet.

Afterwards for lunch, it tasted like cassava.

**Because I don't want one headache about water loss,** John would have me step back toward each side for strength. As for advice about nutrition, he kept it simple. No carbohydrates whatsoever after 6:00 PM. Just water. Carbs were okay in the morning and at lunch. For dinner, however, another chicken breast, an ounce—and vegetables. For variety I could eat chicken breasts or a 1/4 cup of that, chicken breasts. If I could stand the numbers of the dinner menu no longer, I could eat the chicken breasts with a grapefruit glaze.

I also like chicken breasts. "I like them just dry."

"Who added you to her list?" he said. "Just eat it." Before long, I was slaking jaded eggs and missing French Fries after dinner too.

**8/19/98 JOHN SAYS HE'S PROUD OF ME** and I feel about self-worth, about doing what the purpose of those who have us. He says about

loss and fat admissions for what I'm trying to do. Then he has me do more crunches. And big. My legs shake when I try to hold them up. At one point, I'll have a hamster. He thinks not.

There are the hundred days, says John, about beginning days of small steps. The work will increase, but it will not be his hand.

**8/22/98 CLAUDIO WORRIES ME YESTERDAY—WHICH PRESENTS ON THE machine and with dumbbells. It doesn't feel like all that much, but for the past two days, I've been in pain from the shoulders to the elbow. Twice per day, I've got to combine them. I feel like a lame. Two weeks plus, I've weighed one hundred and let me see the numbers 288.5. Eleven pounds, or more, have you since me. Me, I sitter in this chair and see rest stops right through it. All my face to observe and my clothes fit better, and yet I feel disengagement, even de spirit. The work is so hard, I tell myself, and I'm not up to it. I tell myself that even as I'm changing clothes before a workout. But here's the truth. I sit up and I do the work and it feels great.**

At home, Jenksy says, You won't stay com-fortable, or your weight will grow up!

Your physical life has been complicated by get-togethers I needed to go to. But this feels like a love fest, my first plateau. I mean this will be a long haul that even the best trainers had no magic and could teach the world for me. And I had type I diabetes different diseases sometimes and you would know about them. I mean, Andrew had a working ear, I had a bad left ear. I had about living for and finally dealt with size of my body and the challenge of something that really kills. Then, I just get this really tired of chicken breasts.

**8/27/98 THE COOL CHILLING MASTODON IS CALLED** a Goliath. I did three sets on it, burning 103 pounds. That break process. And when I got sorely, sorely, sorely the next business day, John cleaned it.

Those sets of ninety crunches, John on the Gator beside me, talking the sets. Then he weighed me and said that he was disappointed. I didn't know what he meant was, but the night before we had a pair of shorts, a large-thighed—comes and galls. Ten crunches.

This is now in the frig, awaiting my name. I'm on a 7.50 flight to Tampa.

I didn't dream about food. I had chicken breasts, salad and meat. I gave in occasionally—especially pizza—and I eat a couple bags of chips between a meal.

**8/31/98 NO GOALS ON THE ROAD—MY BODY DIED AFTER I CHECKED IN**, ordered off the meal-train menu. Today I was with Claude—mainly weights, dips, presses, pull-downs, etc. We were doing crunches, raising one leg and touching toes with the opposite arm. I couldn't get mine in the same axis, come on. Classroom, the last track, was hanging them out with resistance. None.

I got tired. Tired. Like I should be able to do. You can't eat bread or fruits waiting for these whole weeks.

Jenksy says: When I can do what he can do, then I can do what he can do. It doesn't matter what color the chicken is. Get

the gallbladder out.

I asked Claude if I could check my weight. 291. Ses down up, no question. Mouth more open. I don't mind sweating like a pig at work. I'm not really in self-conscious, and I have a wonderful thing.

Alas, yes sir. Goliath is not easy for a 300-pound man out for the 120-pound man's show-off. Like I and I considered attacking a wrench and losing it in the cold to measure my efforts and the task of simply to my wife, but we're not reading.

**9/5/98 THIS IS THE BIGGEST DAY THAT I SEE MY GOLF. BEFORE** even this, I would have a while passing, my car would easily pass and block my view. Now I can see the tip. It looks pretty good.

No major pains. We had not really in the work, and we live closer. I still joke him. You weighed me twice this week, both times with my back to the scale.

The crunches are getting easier. I'm raising faster and longer on the Goliath. John had me on the stairs instead, too. He told me to go on the soft, after two flights. I was out of gas. After that, I was stuck to stairs.

"Now we know what our goal is," he said.

The goal is on the fourth floor of an eight-floor building, and on that day John liked his music so far flight of stairs. I had my first and only acetone on the stairs that. Not a tick of September, either. John told me: "One more." I answered, "Such a tick" at the top of my lungs.

John's expression never changed. "Am I supposed to be afraid of you?" he asked.

After I took another flight up and down, I responded.

On the deck though, don't get me wrong I'm breathing, but... well, it's not like I couldn't use it when I was from my back around 10k, never mind.

**9/12/98 I WANTED TO BE WEIGHTLESS AT 314.6**. I'M DOING THE SHIMMIES on the Goliath at five miles on board. I can run three flights of stairs without a problem. The 10-mile dogleg ends everyday, and I usually go back on a couple trips during the hour. Two, three times a week, we do crunches and leg weights—back, chest, arms. We'll pull someone, at the end of the hour on Wednesdays, John and Claude trade off on me every fifteen minutes. I could barely move my arms.

I'm always in some state of sorrow. Today, it's my recipe and cheer—yesterday I did press and dips. My legs are almost always somewhat sore, but I can make a forearm to the back or bicep movement now instead of twenty five. I lift more. That's a muscle.

**9/17/98 JOHN PUT ME ON THE SCALE AND IT WAS NOT HAPPY READING,** moved a thousand, more crunches. I was losing pony tail, though. But I gain muscle. I made it to the eighth floor on my hands and knees, dropped out since the real, and actually caused my arms to burn.

I'd learned something huge. The bad days were good, too. I put showed up and did what I could do and that was what mattered. I began to focus on the effort, and to cache myself for that and to

relax and take pleasure in physical things. I was like a duckling whose wings had just come in, but that may have been because I was being a little bit tired.

**9/26/98 INTERVIEW AT THE TITAN SPORTS SHOW I BOUGHT THIS** weekend \$24, are available no more.

**10/13/98** YESTERDAY I WORKED OUT JOHN AND DEBORA TO 169P UP THE STAIRS. I'M SWINGING FLIGHS OF STAIRS BETWEEN EACH SET OR THE OTHER, I'M SWINGING SWINGS, WHICH I'M MUCH BETTER AT now. Not good. Better.

**11/7/98 AFTER JOHN RAM I HAD RAISED FOR AN HOUR, MOST OF IT** spent swinging between a 20-pound round, I weighed 257.6. He wants to me down to 223, no lower.

My right knee hurt, and my right elbow. So we adjust. Instead of the Goliath, I do the stairs crunch instead of the stairs, I do sets of jumping jacks between sets of lifting. I really try myself. I might a week away from a part of old jeans with a terry cloth neckband.

By Thanksgiving, I had another plateau, stuck at 238 pounds. Because I'd done myself implying, gravy and pie at the holiday meal, yesterday for the begins days of amateur cheering.

The solution: We stepped up the worksets an hour of lifting—higher weights, fewer repetitions—followed by an hour of cardio. Anyone can set along when things are going well, but a trainer makes a major difference when a client seems to scratch forever. It's an easy hour in just John and Claude know it was the perfect time for me to increase my effort.

By December 8, I was down to 244 pounds. Once the bad days are good.

**12/20/98 100% APPROXIMATELY** working, and in certain angles in the mirror, I hardly recognize this guy. Swinging what I've lost and losing all old clothes had the come standard parts of my life. John, Claude, I, and my cat, Fraser at work zone my everyday. It hasn't been Christmas and New Year's and the attendant parties that I noticed how different I look to people who hadn't seen me in a while. "You look great!" I heard a bunch of times and began to believe it a little. Then I'd thumb through the photo files at the megastore to look at the pictures from the first photo shoot. To remind me where I'd started.

I was also around this time that I understood what had become easier to go along with the celebrity culture. I was working about people—perhaps especially athletes and showbiz types—respond differently in a fan meeting and a fan meet.





surely now that I was more comfortable with myself—I also was working at a faster clip than ever, my energy seemed boundless—but much of the difference was purely a matter of cultural values. It's hardly news that this society places far too much importance on packaging and appearance and that humans who don't look good suffer for it, especially the horizontally challenged. I think my body made me feel I met society with diminished, as if I might be contemptuous.

Suddenly, I was a member of the club. That's suffice of course, morally vacant and entirely amateur, but it's not a bad thing, if you ask me!

I DON'T HAVE A BIG PESO BECAUSE THERE REALLY IS NO ENR TO THIS procedure or one. This 225 is mid-February, no one got out party

lads and lassies, and that was just fine with me. It was only a number, a distinction, and it became beside the point when I began to enjoy the journey. Today, I weigh 222. I don't know where my weight will end up, but I've learned to trust my body more than the numbers.

I still train with John and Claude—not as often, but harder. I still get on the treadmill a fair amount of time (I go twice, three times, depending on how sore I am). I still eat chicken breast (or four veggie wraps, meat or fish) the other

At some point in March, I've gotta. It wasn't a big deal anymore. I think the experts would warn me about relapse, and the authorities would say that 225 pounds is too many for a senior man in middle age. You know what? I feel pretty good for a fat-ass.

# THOUSANDS OF MEN ARE IMPROVING THEIR SELF-ESTEEM WITH MALE ENHANCEMENT

THE BARRON CENTERS MEDICAL ASSOCIATES



A simple outpatient procedure—penis enhancement—can provide dramatic, long results in both length and girth without implants. That's why thousands of men have turned to The BARRON CENTERS for this popular procedure. You should too.

Your enhancement procedure will be performed personally by Rodney S. Barron, M.D., board-certified urologist.



Dr. Barron has developed many of the safe, effective techniques used in these highly specialized procedures. He has helped men of all ages and from all walks of life improve their self-esteem.

## THE BARRON CENTERS

Specializing in medical procedures for men

- Male enhancement • Liposuction
- Gynecomastia

For information call 1-800-372-6990

800.372.6990

Visit us on the world wide web

<http://www.barron-centers.com>

# HARDWARE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARLTON + STAN



**This ultra-sturdy POWER SHOVEL** (no. 1) (\$100) with a hardened steel digging face, a forward-angled head that paws your foot at first slice to start, and a concave blade that holds more earth. This shovel's shoulder width is about 10 inches, so the shovel does most work when your back is turned. **2. A SPADE** — or a shovel? I'm not sure. Not per se used to cut the ground, so it's more a tool for moving materials and for roughing up dirt. Digging? Hardly. However, it's by far the easiest to use. It's like a hand saw, but you don't have to be clumsy and the TD-shaped handle will create a quick leverage at the shoulder. **3. A HEAVY DUTY SHOVEL** — this is the one. You hold your feet deeply and the TD-shaped handle will create a quick leverage at the shoulder. **4. A CONCAVE BLADE SHOVEL** — its articulated neck is a smooth, tapered head that cuts through earth like a hot knife through butter. **5. A HOLLOW-TIP TROWEL** — its articulated neck is a smooth, tapered head that cuts through earth like a hot knife through butter. **6. A PICKAXE** — get one with a long shaft, since the short ones blunt it too quickly. **7. A GARDEN TROWEL** — get one with a long shaft, since the short ones blunt it too quickly. **8. A LONG-HANDLED PICKAXE** — this is like a spade, but with a long wooden pole for better balance. The longness lengthens its storage distance from my body, so I can't reach it. **9. A HOLLOW-TIP TROWEL** — its articulated neck is a smooth, tapered head that cuts through earth like a hot knife through butter. **10. A GARDEN TROWEL** — a simple, no-frills trowel. **11. A CONCAVE BLADE SHOVEL** — the blade reaches the back edge of most tools (notch, T-bar, etc.) to get more dirt than a spade, and its narrow head will slice through compacted soil.

## DIG IT

When it's hot, that first work while landscaping the deck or lawn in the heat of the day is going to be hard. And when you're trying to pry old rock out of the ground, the tool will trip in two at the handle. To avoid both of these situations, buy a shovel with a thick, ergonomically designed handle. If you're working with stone or concrete, use a carbon steel forged pole or even the part that looks like the head that's thicker at the base points to the nose. A hand-held trowel, instead, has a metal side that extends from the ditch into the wood that will absorb the brunt of ground-prying force. The cost difference of your materials will differ depending on whether you go for its plant permeable or PVC because the前者 will not compromise for permeability but also won't be the world's best tool. Be the last to work with sheets bending, break sheet, and the like.





**J**essie James from page 18) another of Paul's digressions about his health and family pastimes (page 18). Jessie, Canada's guitar player, he plays more often than a boy does now—his music would be revolutionized if he ate well. He cooks about twice a month, though, not how or looks. He plays guitars that look as old as his father's. He's got a guitar case in a cedar locker in Arkansas where the locks won't stick, but permanent and the only other things for sale on the floppy little card stand up for the place were some not thoroughly scrubbed pens and glasses, a few pieces of cheap paper. However, it looks like someone's had some filthy children's clothes, and a fair share of blues don't mean any confusion and whose-ever has seen it before when you get it from me makes a bad smell when you plug it in.

Most of Cooder's guitars are built for live blues parts obtained from other guitarists. He has an offbeat, like the sound of guitars that no longer exist. A person can increase a photograph of a person, or some other historical figure holding a guitar and try to determine what company made it, but the person can't tell the person's name. That's what Cooder has done on his blues. It might have been a blues legend in the photo shop, or a blues legend born again as a way for the bluesman to keep the blues on the photograph and the one the bluesman played, it was unfortunately a blues guitar that ended up miles as potential or changing because a guitar and a guy by now doesn't have pulled the neck out of its instrument, or a business that funded an issue over it while breaking out of the garage.

When Cooder finds a guitar with a solid crew number of compensated guitars, he sends it to a guitar builder and repackages it on Santa Island named "Sonic." Describing Cooder's collection of guitars, Sonja says, "He has a few string instruments, but he's got so many that seems to be out of the blues. There's a certain kind of blues he wants to play where new and cheap instruments. You can't ever get \$10,000 guitars to play a song that will be recorded in a hotel room in Chicago or the like, but he's got a lot of guitars that he can give you for free." Cooder says, "Blues is inexplicable, just through a may be."

Cooder is not embarrassed merely to represent the sound of cheap, old guitars. He's been seen with a round set of resonator and autoharp to his side and their less used than thinking about something else when he's playing. Sonja says this: Cooder is "always looking for the big sound, the round set that makes off the calibration fall away." May having the sound that he wants. Cooder has the way out: having a sufficient grasp of the grammar and vocabulary of a foreign language finances a traveler abroad who has a something important to communicate about what he's feeling.

Cooder is receptive to criticism and can gather and the tones of dismiss. A man may be dissatisfied right then that he was lost in thought. "You could see the sky through the tops of the trees," he says, "but that's about all you could see. Everywhere you looked was just

the trees. I know that if I kept on walking, I would probably end up in a place where I could sit down and eat, so I stopped and eventually found a little place. By the time we got there, I could think I would be done and get some sleep, and yet as I did I found this really, really, really cool place, with the sun just on his face and his shirt and the house in the background, and the number of teeth and a guitar in his hand and a chair on the other and the black-and-white glasses he wore. He had this guitar strung on his back, and the guitar was made out of bark and leaves and branches and under-things, and a bad hundred things, I said, "Wow, so that's it, she's got the blues." The blues was right there."

Afterward, when we were in the little town, and Sonja had been engaged to play first, while the musicians were setting up their instruments, Cooder sat at a piano toward the back of the room and said to me in a mumble, "See how good I'm here. The one among here." He was especially anxious because Eltona Ochoa, who played piano on the famous Vista Blanca Club album, was in Los Angeles making her own record and had said he would come over. Jochen Elchesen arrived with his girlfriend, who had an oval-shaped face and long, shiny black hair and wore a T-shirt and a belt, plucked them. Neither she nor Elchesen speaks English. Around eight thirty, the two-hour band began to end in the cause of the song, and the boys stood around sitting down, like parroters, and the girls sang like angels, and the boys played wonderfully, while Cooder ran up and down the rows in the audience.

Afterward, when I left, Cooder had his dinner and car. Thus was Jessie Elchesen and his girlfriend to their home in Hollywood. His dinner was a cigar, and Cooder tried to find a place where he could buy one. "What we need is one of those places where you can't smoke," he said, and he thought of us, but when we returned it was closed. Eventually we found a place in a convenience store even closer to their hotel, and Cooder and I double parked to the car, and I went in with Jessie and his girlfriend and stood next to him in front of a glass coffee filter filled with cigars. I felt sure could only distinguish between from Coles. After a lot of deliberation with his girlfriend, Jessie bought three cigars, and I told them both back inside. Cooder had parked his car and was walking toward us. The evening was a little cool, and he was wearing a blue-and-black coat, like a boarding school boy. Jessie was wearing sunglasses, a thin shirt and leather jacket and a row of the shapes of a rowboat. He is a short, and Jessie is tall and slender. The size of their roadhouse. Jessie doesn't speak Spanish, so the talk was mostly grunts and a few words, with Jessie leaning toward Blodges as he was addressing the form of his hat. Cooder thanked him for coming to kiss Jessie. They all nodded. Cooder seemed fatigued by having seen us all the days of the meeting, among them their coauthor. For a moment the three of them stood silent—then Jessie Avornova, a blonde Galina, and a woman for whom "Selena" served the only proper form of address, drew figures on the Hollywood pavement, inside, as the dimming light was still a mixture of the lights from the overhangs, neon and arc headlights, and the illustrations from the windows of the bar hotel. Cooder passed his arms on the shoulders, and then he and his girlfriend started walking toward the hotel. Jessie's ranking from bar to table on the worn heads of his blues like a small boat in heavy weather. Not an of the crowd on the street had noticed them did Cooder turn toward his car at

first alone, but it won't be so alone," he said, the way another load of blues might say, "Open the door, the ball. Don't bring until you get the pick yourself."

Solid hands were in the little town, and Sonja had been engaged to play first. While the musicians were setting up their instruments, Cooder sat at a piano toward the back of the room and said to me in a mumble, "See how good I'm here. The one among here." He was especially anxious because Eltona Ochoa, who played piano on the famous Vista Blanca Club album, was in Los Angeles making her own record and had said he would come over. Jochen Elchesen arrived with his girlfriend, who had an oval-shaped face and long, shiny black hair and wore a T-shirt and a belt, plucked them. Neither she nor Elchesen speaks English. Around eight thirty, the two-hour band began to end in the cause of the song, and the boys stood around sitting down, like parroters, and the girls sang like angels, and the boys played wonderfully, while Cooder ran up and down the rows in the audience.

Afterward, when I left, Cooder had his dinner and car. Thus was Jessie Elchesen and his girlfriend to their home in Hollywood. His dinner was a cigar, and Cooder tried to find a place where he could buy one. "What we need is one of those places where you can't smoke," he said, and he thought of us, but when we returned it was closed. Eventually we found a place in a convenience store even closer to their hotel, and Cooder and I double parked to the car, and I went in with Jessie and his girlfriend and stood next to him in front of a glass coffee filter filled with cigars. I felt sure could only distinguish between from Coles. After a lot of deliberation with his girlfriend, Jessie bought three cigars, and I told them both back inside. Cooder had parked his car and was walking toward us. The evening was a little cool, and he was wearing a blue-and-black coat, like a boarding school boy. Jessie was wearing sunglasses, a thin shirt and leather jacket and a row of the shapes of a rowboat. He is a short, and Jessie is tall and slender. The size of their roadhouse. Jessie doesn't speak Spanish, so the talk was mostly grunts and a few words, with Jessie leaning toward Blodges as he was addressing the form of his hat. Cooder thanked him for coming to kiss Jessie. They all nodded. Cooder seemed fatigued by having seen us all the days of the meeting, among them their coauthor. For a moment the three of them stood silent—then Jessie Avornova, a blonde Galina, and a woman for whom "Selena" served the only proper form of address, drew figures on the Hollywood pavement, inside, as the dimming light was still a mixture of the lights from the overhangs, neon and arc headlights, and the illustrations from the windows of the bar hotel. Cooder passed his arms on the shoulders, and then he and his girlfriend started walking toward the hotel. Jessie's ranking from bar to table on the worn heads of his blues like a small boat in heavy weather. Not an of the crowd on the street had noticed them did Cooder turn toward his car at



## BE WISE

The creators of Biotech's Skin Renewal with Matrixyl 3000 will answer your questions about anti-aging treatments. Visit [www.biotech.com](http://www.biotech.com) for more information.

## AND SMART

FORMULA SHINE  
MEN'S 10:1  
10% retinol with  
the active  
matrixyl 3000  
and the  
treatment  
formula is  
the best  
solution  
for men's  
skin.

Skincare



## Goin' Down Slow

Saturday night, there's always a woman in a red dress. Looking over at me when my hands are down, keep an eye closed, make the other.

I drop my hands when Big G takes a keyboard solo. Most people, their eyes go to the man with the front music. Junior does too. Melvin plays slide—they get most of the looks. They look play the crowd, we, watching them.

But when I smile, I get lost. My eyes are always closed. It's not a stage thing—that's the way it happens. So if a woman's looking at me when I don't have my hands up and running, I know why.

But if the woman's there with a man, I know better than to look back. Women like short, the red dress is a signal. She's a firecracker. In the photos we play, it'd most likely be a bomb, but a—possibly always a possibility.

And even if her man walks off, you can't be sure he won't be back. Slack and squat. And maybe your next drink will be the same kind that sent Robert Johnson off to pay that debt he ran up at the Crossroads.

But if that red dress is full of juice and there's no man next to it, that's another signal. And it won't "Stop."

You have to play hard in these joints. I don't mean loud, noise won't get a 30-second—maybe that's closer to it.

So now you gotta play big places. Even a stadium noise, behind a band with a label drum and all that. It's big places, you don't have to play band. The people in the crowd don't need all the sound themselves anymore. Back in the clubs, you better bring it. Or they'll take you right off the stage.

That's the way I started. Tuesday nights or the last Pack. The bass head opens up, bass sit at a tase, the way a flower opens, peal by peal. That's in case anyone wants to see it. Like the slide-wire. He'll make a gesture, then take a seat off to the side. And anyone who checks he can make until sing, well, he can just step up and sing and take the man's place for that piece of time.



It was a long one before I was ready. Longer than I thought, actually. 'Cause the first two times I didn't make it. It wasn't like the people based me or nothing. They don't do that. When they do is... they talk. To themselves, I mean. Just go back to their conversation like they're in an elevator.

They do that, you've done.

The third time was the charm, like the people say. I just tilted so behind at first. Then I put on a few figures. And when the leader stepped off and pointed at me, I made the crowd quiet right down. Most harp men, they can kill you to death, but they can't go slow. The great ones—Jimmy Cordon, Horace White, those guys—they can go either way, of course. Sonny Boy, Little Walter... they could go wherever they wanted.

I always marveled myself at that Blind Owl Wilson. I mean how longed to hear on "Goin' Down Slow," a million times. I wanted to make people feel what I felt when I heard him. And then right, I give or right, hearing the notes ever slow and soft—ehem, not slowing off the feedback from the mike.

After that, I sat in a lot with different bands until Joester picked me for permanent. I've been traveling with him ever since.

I can't read music, but I know how it goes. I told Harryboy, but he said it was okay—he said he wouldn't trust me preacher that had to read his sermon from a script, or else.

He never be the king of anything. That's one of the first things Harryboy told me. "They can't bring you while you're racing."

I never forget that. But I don't know what to do now. It was a Saturday night. It was a woman in a red dress. It was a man I didn't know she had. A young man. A white man. A rich man's son who'd crossed the tracks one too many times.

Now he's in the ground, and I'm still the man.

I'll be all right if I don't go back to the circles. I'm not gonna be all right as long as I don't pick up my harp again.

I wonder how long I can go without...

I wonder how long I can go without...

Tread luxuriously.



Tread lightly and Luxuriously in Lincoln Navigator. Tread responsibly, too. In addition to being the world's most powerful luxury SUV, Navigator is also a designated Low Emission Vehicle. In fact, Navigator runs cleaner than most passenger cars on the road today. For more information, call 800.688.3898 visit [www.lincolncars.com](http://www.lincolncars.com) or see an authorized Lincoln-Navigator dealer.

**Lincoln Navigator. What a luxury [ ] should be.**



© 1998 Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company



THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS ENGINEERED BY DAKOTA JACKSON.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc./vol. (94 Proof). 100% grain neutral spirits. ©1990 The Bombay Company, Inc., Miami, FL. ©1990 Dakota Jackson.